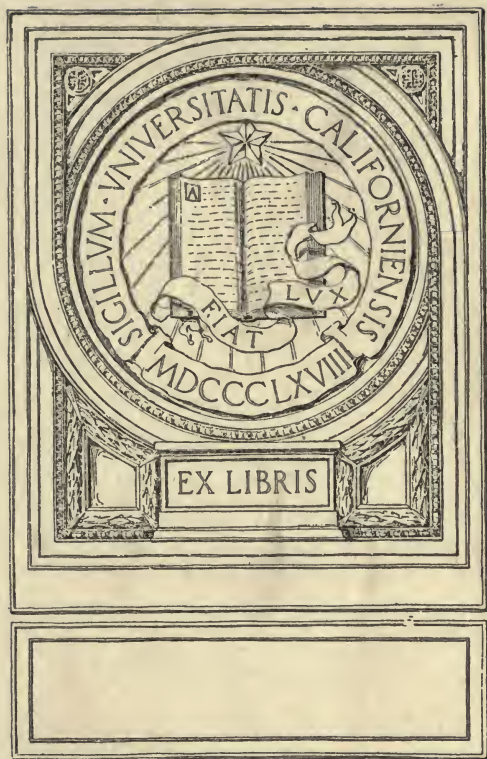


THEIR OXFORD YEAR

OONA H. BALL

YB 17720





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THEIR OXFORD YEAR



TOM TOWER

THEIR OXFORD YEAR

BY

OONA H. BALL

98

AUTHOR OF 'BARBARA GOES TO OXFORD'

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

METHUEN & CO.

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Once, my dear—but the world was young then—
Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—
Lissom the oars and backs that swung then,
Eight good men in the good old times—
Careless we, and the chorus flung then,
Under St. Mary's chimes !

Q., 'Alma Mater,'
in the *Oxford Magazine*, Nov. 11, 1896.

PROLOGUE

Concerning the History itself, I can advise little more, but that I undertook it at first for my own Pleasure, the Subject of it being so pleasant and of so great Variety. Which though sufficient to justify my Choice of this Subject, yet I ventured not upon it without the joint Approbation of the most Knowing in these matters. For such things as are inseparable from their places, they remain to be seen as in the History directed, there being nothing here mentioned but what either the Author has seen for himself, or has received unquestionable Testimony for it, which, for the most part, if not always, the Reader will find cited.

ROBERT PLOT, LL.D. 1705.

MRS. JOHN GOODENOUGH WRITES TO
HER GRANDFATHER

THE GOLDEN CROSS, OXFORD,
MICHAELMAS DAY, 1907

WE are really here. Is it not wonderful? Surely it is very wonderful that I should be writing a birthday letter to you from the place where, and on the very day that you were born one hundred years ago. How often, dear Grandfather, have you not told me the tale: that your poor Mother was journeying up to London, that she was taken ill upon the road at Oxford: there was no room for her at the Angel or the Star, and so you first saw the light at this very Inn from which I date my letter to you.

How much more real and moving all this seems to me now that I see the places with my own eyes.

I please myself by fancying that we occupy the very room which witnessed your birth.

I astonish the kind people of the Hotel by the eager interest that I take in every detail of its history.

Did you, yourself, know that there is even an historical parallel for you? That John Underhill, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, was born here about fifteen hundred and twenty-five? This, adds my informant, was the earliest mention of the house as the Cross Inn. I can understand so much better now why, when you set up your homestead on the Island, you named it 'The Golden Cross' in memory of your birthplace. I determined that, on your hundredth birthday I, too, would celebrate the day in, and write to you from, the Golden Cross. Is not your Bridget a woman of her word?

People here seem to find it very surprising that my Grandfather should be a hundred and yet hale and hearty, but I tell them that we are not surprised at all, we whose summer home is on the Island. And when I write of the dear Island, I must say to you that there is hardly any one in England, that I have met, who knows just where it is likely to be. Your Winter home is equally unknown to them. Of Montreal and Quebec and Toronto they have heard: Saskatchewan and the North-West are not wholly unknown



THE GOLDEN CROSS

of them, but of the Eastern Townships they have never heard, the Valley of St. Francis is an unknown land to them, and their ideas about our lakes and their islands are most vague and peculiar.

You have always told me to fill my letters to you full of facts. As this is a fact I set it down here for you.

How I can hear your dear voice saying, 'Facts please, Bridget, not raptures; I can always fill in the raptures for myself, but a lost fact is irreplaceable.'

So facts you shall have from me; and I will carry out, as far as possible, the task that you have set me. I will paint Oxford for you as it is now, so that you may see it before you and note the difference that there is between Oxford of to-day and Oxford as it was when you came up to it in the twenties.

You shall have the clearest picture that I can give you of what the place is like now. As far as I am privileged to see into it I will bring it before you and will sketch for you the people that live in it.

I ought to have great opportunities for doing this, for here am I so fortunate as to be married to John just as he was entitled to start on his Sabbatical Year, and here is he back in Oxford among all his old friends

and surroundings, able and willing to be Guide as well as Husband, and to introduce me to the people as well as to the place.

We are, we hope, to be here for a year—that is, for an Academic Year—therefore I propose to be very methodical: how often have you not tried to inculcate method in me! First I will send you this, as a slight preparation for the feast which is to follow, then you shall have my impressions and experiences of each term as it passes. Also I will get pictures for you so that you may see for yourself how much and how little the place has changed since your time.

Already I have seen some characteristically Oxford sights. Candidates for Responsions came up a week ago, and I watched them trooping to the Schools to be examined; they wore dark clothes and white ties, and they looked most wonderfully young and very solemn.

Every impression of this kind I intend to record for you, so that you may see Oxford as I am seeing it. I shall be able, I hope, to watch it all through the pageant of the seasons, and to note as they pass the special beauties of each one of them. Just now some of the newer buildings are veiled in creepers; every now and again all the values

of some old grey wall are heightened by splashes of scarlet and crimson and gold.

I shall always try to write every day in one of the three green diary books that you gave me at parting. I shall label each one 'Facts for a Grandfather.' Now and again I shall note something in the little red book with the lock, that you bought for me when you last went to Richmond. This book I call 'Thoughts that arise out of the Events of the Day,' but John has christened it 'Sayings from the Unpublished Works of Solomon.'

I can only give you everything as it appears to me and as I have opportunity. I can't, of course, present you with a kaleidoscopic picture of Oxford life. I shall not give you a slavish account of all our proceedings here: I shall merely pluck for you the finer flowers of our existence. I shall offer to you all the interesting bits of experience that come in our way; you must group and arrange them and compare my crude impressions with all that you remember of bygone days in Oxford.

When we return I will come hurrying to see you, and we will sit before the fire and sort and arrange it all afresh.

Then I must surely read a little. You would not like me to leave my mind a perfect

blank, and here, with no house or farm duties to attend to, I shall have all day to read in.

John has promised to 'plant me out in the Camera.' I have yet to learn exactly what he means by that expression. John says that it is just as important to have an object to read for as it is to have one to live for. He makes the bright suggestion that I should read round the periods when you were here, turning my attention to all that I can find which bears on Oxford in 1807 and 1823 and thereabouts. Every now and again, John says, I can flutter back a hundred years or so 'just as a relief to so much periodicity.'

Thus, says John, I shall keep myself out of mischief: possibly I may pick up some useful knowledge: in any case I shall hope to amuse you.—Ever, dear Grandfather,

Your

BRIDGET

MICHAELMAS TERM

'Tis Term again—once more the studious boy
Salutes his Dean with simulated joy :
Th' aspiring Fresher, with impartial view,
Reveres the Don, the Porter, and the Blue ;
While Senior men to some admiring throng
Recount th' achievements of the recent Long,
And rusty students late from books remote
Read the dark text and scan the obscurer note.
Golfers resume their caddies and their clubs,
Greats men their Plato, History men their Stubbs ;
Perspiring oarsmen ply the straining oar,
And Learning smiles upon her sons once more.

A. G.

MICHAELMAS TERM

HOLYFIELDS COURT,
HOLYWELL

THIS time I write to you, no longer from our ancient hostelry, but from our new little home.

There never was such a quaint little home before.

We came here for two reasons: one reason was that John wanted to be as near to the heart of things as was possible; the second, and greater reason was that these rooms are let to us by John's own old scout.

Now it is owing to you that I do not start in Oxford so totally ignorant as I well might have been of all things and words that belong to the place. You used to tell me of the doings of scouts in your day. Our Mr. Bayzand's father was actually a scout at Magdalen Hall; I please myself by thinking that he may as well have been yours.

It was something of a blow to me to find

that I could not see your own College because it no longer existed. It has not melted into thin air, but has been swallowed up in Hertford College.

John has a friend who is a Don at Hertford, and he has promised to take me over the College and to explain to me how all traces of Magdalen Hall have disappeared. I count upon being able to drop a reverent tear somewhere in the neighbourhood, at least, of your old haunts.

Every one, it appears, is going to be very friendly, and to show one the things that one wants to see.

People here seem to be extraordinarily kind. Already the Master of Sempitern has come to call upon me. I think he thought that we have chosen a quaint spot to dwell in. He said that he had never been here before, and had not, as a matter of fact, known just where to look for us. Fortunately he had met Mr. Bayzand in the street, and had been brought in triumph to our door. The tone in which Mr. Bayzand said, 'The Master to see you, madam,' was that of a groom of the chambers who announces the visit of an Archangel.

But this Archangel was more like a cherub. He was dignified without any pomposity,



HOLYFIELDS COURT

and one felt in talking to him that there were few things, worth knowing, that he did not know. His manners were perfect: he said many agreeable things about John and the pleasure that it gave to him and to all the College to see him back again amongst them. He dwelt upon the distinction that John had always been to the College.

Both your descriptions and John's had prepared me in some measure for Oxford hospitality, so I felt only gratitude and not surprise when the Master at once asked us to dinner with him one day next week. This will be a great pleasure to us, and it is obviously a great source of gratification to Mr. Bayzand. It shows that his lodgers are persons of some social importance, and he tells me, too, that he always goes to help with the waiting when there is a dinner-party at the 'Lodgings.'

Thus, I find, it is right to speak of the Master's house.

'I am going to dine at the Lodgings.' How old-world and unusual and full of pleasant possible surprises it sounds.

There is a world of dignity in the title 'Head of a House,' isn't there?

This book is to be, according to your express desire, a jumble (and I fear, indeed,

that it can be nothing else) of personal impressions and of solid facts.

The personal impressions I must myself produce, but when I seek for solid fact, I turn to various works with which John has provided me. One is a squat, maroon-bound work called *The University Calendar for 1907*. Herein I have an 'Almanac, with Calendar of University Ceremonies and Remarkable Days.' Should I crave to know who constitute the 'Boards of Faculties,' who are Members of the 'Hebdomadal Council,' who is Professor of what and who lectures in which subject, here I can slake my thirst for detail of all kinds.

Usually when you are introduced to any one here you are told the name of his College :

'May I introduce to you Mr. Jones of Jesus?' But, should the name of the College be omitted, you can always turn to the Calendar and there look up the name and state of your new acquaintance.

You find him thus, in a list at the end of the Calendar:

'Jones, J. W. (B.A.), Jesus. 1905.'

Then you know that your Jones took his degree in 1905. If there is no date in front of his name he is still 'up' as an Undergraduate.

The Calendar holds masses of useful information, and whenever this modest record is unusually trenchant and informing, you will know that I am copying the example set by Mr. Bouncer when he filled up his letters with pages culled from the guide-book, and that I am interlarding my pages with extracts drawn from the Calendar.

Another valuable work of reference, for one who would become well acquainted with her environment here, is the *Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Oxford.*

This was formerly bound, I am told, in blue, and was always known (I know not why) as 'The Blue Liar.' One presumes that it did not share the dull accuracy of the Calendar.

Now it is bound in very sober grey and is known as 'The Grey Lady.'

Both these valuable works of reference are issued by the Clarendon Press. The reason why I dilate upon them to you is because I believe that there was no such thing as a Calendar in your day, and certainly there was no Grey Lady. One of the things that John is to do for me is to take me over the Clarendon Press—that, at any rate, was here when you were up at Magdalen Hall.

John says that I am not to rush round

sight-seeing, so that all Oxford will pass through my mind like water through a sieve. I am, he says, to absorb it slowly, 'just like a nice little sponge.'

These are John's exact words and I chronicle them for you. It is strange how one always values the utterances of those whose words are few. If John is going to live to be a very great man it will be necessary, for the credit of his family, that we should store up any of the rare remarks that do fall from his lips. Lumped altogether they will make a brave show.

To return to my charts, for so I have named the two works which are to guide me through the strange sea of life at Oxford. In my 'Grey Lady' I find all the information that I can desire about Admission and Matriculation, Scholarships, Expenses, Residence and Discipline. It treats also of Examinations, of Degrees and of Institutions.

Under the latter heading there comes first The Bodleian Library. It is in the Bodleian Library that I design to spend profitable hours while John is hard at work, and it is there that I hope to glean some information about the habits and customs of Oxford in the early days of the last century.

I consulted my book and I found that—

‘Both the Library proper and the Radcliffe Camera are open to readers on the same conditions: that is to say,

‘(1) All Graduates of the University are admitted as of right on subscribing the undertaking required by statute.

‘(2) Undergraduates are admitted for purposes of serious study, if there be sufficient room, on presenting a recommendation from their Tutor. Printed forms of recommendation are supplied. Undergraduates are required to wear academical dress at all times of the year when they read in either building.

‘(3) Other persons are admitted for purposes of serious study, with the same reservation, on presenting a like recommendation from a Graduate of the University, or on other sufficient introduction.’

It was as an Other Person that I hoped to be admitted, John being my Sufficient Introducer.

So my paper was duly filled up and signed, and John went with me on my first visit to ‘Bodley.’

‘I can’t think,’ said John, as we arrived at a green baize door which gave access to the Library, ‘what decent excuse I am to offer for bringing you here at all. Can’t you manage, Bridgetta, to appear to be a

little more grown-up and responsible? When I take you into ancient storehouses of learning it is most unwise of you to look so much like a long-clothes baby who has come out for her first airing. How do you suppose that I am going to pass you off for a Serious Student, let alone a married woman? What shall we do if Bodley's Librarian asks you where your nurse is?'

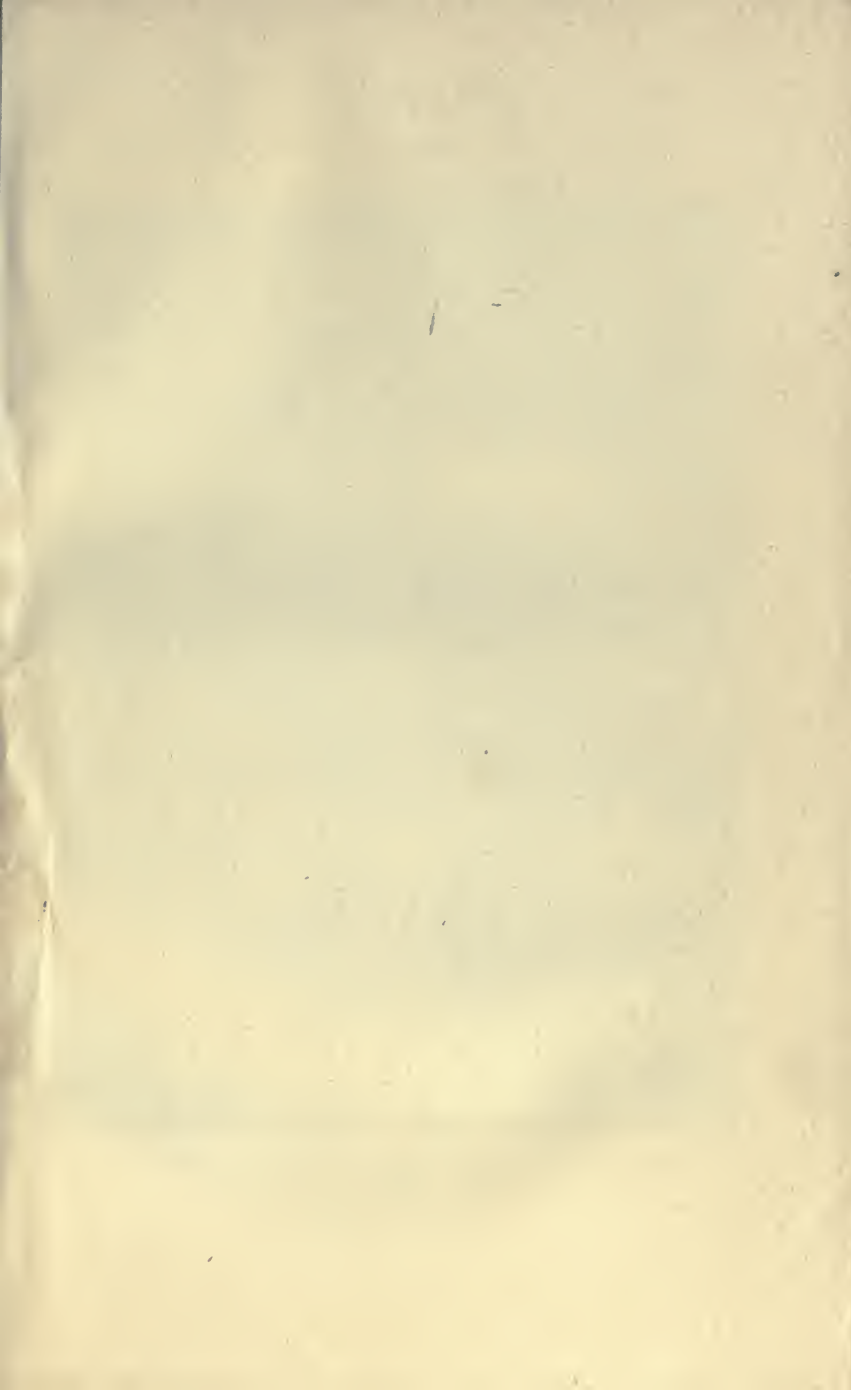
'I am sorry, John,' said I; 'but you know, John, that I said to you, when you proposed to me, "Do not you think that a Professor should have a larger and more important-looking wife?"'

'And what did I say?' said John.

'You said "I like 'em small,"' said I.

'Well, so I do,' said John, 'as small as they are made. Just frown a bit, and I dare say you'll get admitted a Reader all right.'

So I frowned steadily, in the hope of gaining an impressiveness of appearance. John spoke up bravely when it came to the point; he described me and my reasons for pursuing learning in the most convincing manner possible. It made me feel quite erudite to hear him. Inwardly I was aware of being smaller and younger and even less important than usual.





THE STEPS OF THE CAMERA

When I heard the Librarian remarking to me, 'You will probably find all that you are likely to want in the Camera,' I felt rather as a worm might be expected to feel amongst the Dust of Ages. Conscious as I was that I had no proper subject and no precise period, and that I only wanted to read because I loved reading and felt happy among books, and hoped to acquire wisdom from them, I left the awe-inspiring room thankful to have gained, at any rate, a part of my point so easily.

We walked in silence down the stairs, which descend in groups of four at a time, and we went straight across to the Camera Radcliffeana, where we ascended more stairs, which went continuously round, and we came at last into a large, round room.

Here it became necessary to choose a book to begin upon, and John whispered (for of course one does not talk out loud):

'You shall start with Plot; that's Oxford two hundred years ago.'

So together we lifted out a volume of the mighty catalogue. We filled up a form and delivered it at a desk, and a young boy departed to seek for the book. Then John took me up a little winding stair into the upper gallery. Here he put me to sit in an

arm-chair at a most comfortable desk. It was seat one hundred and fifty-four.

‘You have a most beautiful view of the clock from here,’ murmured John; ‘so don’t let Doctor Plot, when he arrives, make you late for your lawful husband’s lunch.’

Then he left me, and I sat and received impressions, and thought about you, and studied the details of my environment.

Each desk is a long one and a double one; each will accommodate six readers, three on either side. A high division rises in front of you, so that you cannot see the reader who faces you on the other side of this wooden hedge. On this division and on each seat there are sundry little notices on red and green paper. One notice ran thus:—

I. Each desk has under it:

1. An hat hook.
2. Two hooks for a stick or folded umbrella.
3. A waste-paper basket.

These caused me to fall into three separate trains of thought.

1st. Should you say an hat hook or a hat hook? I pursued this no further; the contrast between right and euphony was altogether too painful.

2nd. Where you should put an umbrella which is not folded ?

This divided itself again into :

(a) Should you, in all cases, fold your umbrella?

(b) What should you do with it if it were wet?

This also proved unprofitable and time-wasting.

I was just beginning to wonder why the paper-basket was so immense, how many corpses might be concealed in it, and whether it might be at all possible to write a convincing detective story about a Reader who murdered the Librarian and concealed his corpse in one of them, when my book arrived.

It is, as books of John's choosing invariably are, a delightful work, and wholly pleasing to me and my mood; it is just what I wanted to start me on my book-reading career. This is its title :

'The Natural History of Oxford-shire. Being an Essay towards the Natural History of England. By Robert Plot, LL.D., Late Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum and Professor of Chymistry in the University of Oxford.'

The edition which I am reading is the second edition, 'With large Additions and Corrections : Also a short Account of the Author, etc.' It was published in seventeen hundred and five.

Evidently Doctor Plot is one of those authors whom I am going to love for his own sake. Listen to his second Dedication (his first is to the King, Charles II.):

'To the Reader. Though this Essay has swell'd to so much greater a Bulk than ever I expected it could possibly have done, that I might well have superseded any further Address than that of Dedication; yet it being but necessary to acquaint the Reader with some matters that are general, and will serve for all other Counties the same as this, I thought good to put them down briefly as followeth. And first, that though I dare not pretend the Map of Oxford-shire, prefixt to this Essay, is so accurate as any I shall make hereafter, yet I dare promise the Reader, it far exceeds any we had before.'

It is the map, evidently, that is the pride and the joy of his heart.

'And as for the Distances, though I dare not promise them Mathematically exact (which by the Risings and Fallings of the Ground, interpositions of Woods, Rivers,

etc., I think scarce possible in many cases to be given at all) yet some few of them are as true as actual Dimensuration, and most of them as the Doctrine of Triangles, and the best Information, all compared together, could direct me to put them: So that provided they have not been moved in the Graving (as I think they have but little) I take them all seated not far from the Truth.'

The dear soul then proceeds to talk at large about his darling map; to explain it, to point out its manifold perfections, and to descant upon it to his heart's content and to mine.

'Yet this Map, though it contains near five times as much as any other of the County before, partly by reason of its being the first I ever made, and partly because, either of the pure Ignorance or Absence of some, and over curious Pievishness that I met among others, is not so perfect, I confess, as I wish it were; there being, upon these accounts, some few Arms admitted, and others out of place at the Foot of the Map, and perhaps here and there a Village over-look'd: wherefore I have entertained some Thoughts of cutting it again and perhaps somewhat larger.'

You will see that I shall probably have much to tell you of Doctor Plot and his

Work. Even the 'Contents of the Chapters' list is full of delight to me :

' Chapter 6. Of the Heavens and Air.'

' Chapter 8. Of Men and Women.'

And there is always the beautiful map to study. It makes me wish that I were going, to use a favourite expression of John's, 'to take all Oxfordshire for my province' instead of merely Oxford.

It was my original purpose to read all the morning in the Camera, to go out and see things and walk or ride with John all the afternoon, and to read or to record my impressions all the evening.

I am not so sure that I shall be able to carry out, in its entirety, this simple-sounding plan. It presupposed, you see, that John and I were going to lead a desert-island kind of life, which we could arrange entirely as seemed best to us.

But this is not to be. I have already told you of the visit of the Master of Sempitern and of his kind invitation; that deranged my plans for one past afternoon and for one evening yet to come.

Other afternoons brought other callers. John was sometimes at a loss to account for them or for their reasons for seeking us out,

but Mr. Bayzand always knew who they were and, generally, why they came.

‘Mr. and Mrs. Oglander, ma’am—at least it was Mrs. Oglander who came. Mr. Good-enough read Greats, as you are no doubt well aware, ma’am, before he took the English School; he went to Mr. Oglander’s lectures and knew him that way, no doubt. Mr. Tristram—ah, yes, to be sure—of course he would come, ma’am; he was Mr. Good-enough’s greatest friend at Sempitern; he was sorry to find you out, but he hopes to see Mr. Goodenough in Hall to-night, he says, ma’am.’

In Hall! Does not that bring memories of Oxford crowding back upon you?

Much may, and indeed must, be altered since you were here, but Hall dinner must surely remain, except for the change in dress and in the hour of dining, much as it was in your time.

John took me into the Hall of Sempitern before we had been here many hours.

‘Here was where I used to sit, at the Scholars’ Table, and here is where I shall come to the High Table when one of the Fellows asks me to dine with him.’

So I have a vision of it all when John goes out to dine in Hall, though my eyes can

never behold him actually doing it. Not until Woman is eligible as a Free Mason will the time arrive, I take it, for dining in Hall to cease to be a purely male institution. After Hall dinner follows the 'Common Room.' A pleasant room it was that John showed me, panelled with dark oak and lighted by a charming old candelabra most cunningly fitted with electric light. This and many other adornments of the room were contributed by past or present members of the Common Room, and was inscribed 'Ex Dono Socii.' I think that what took my fancy most was the little species of railway which ran across the fireplace and was meant to convey the circulating bottle on its rounds. Thus was the Fellow on the right-hand side of the fire excused from the necessity of rising and walking across the hearthrug to pass it to the left-hand man. A beautiful instance of thoughtfulness and of adaptation of means to ends. So now I can picture John amongst all these dignified surroundings, sitting in a semicircle in front of an early fire, his dessert and his wine-glass on a little table at his elbow; he is taking, no doubt, a perfectly silent but appreciative part in the doubtless intellectual conversation.

Why is it, I wonder, that Woman always

imagines, or affects to imagine, that Man converses intellectually when bereft of her society? She knows perfectly well that he generally doesn't.

John was inclined to be nervous when first he left me thus to my own devices; he doubted my capacity for amusing myself while he was away partaking of these masculine joys: so he went to the bookseller this afternoon and brought back for me a large quarto volume.

'When you look inside it,' said he, 'you will see why I got it for you; it is to be the foundation of your collection of Oxford books; you are not to look at it until I leave you.'

As soon, therefore, as the little gate of our tiny garden had clicked behind my husband, and his last footfall had ceased to echo under the archway which leads into Holywell, I sat down and opened my new possession.

The title ran thus: '*Letters and Miscellaneous Papers*. By Barrè Charles Roberts, Student of Christ Church, Oxford. With a Memoir of his Life.'

It was published in eighteen hundred and fourteen. There is a picture of the poor young man, who was only twenty-one when he died on the first of January eighteen

hundred and ten; so that he was an Undergraduate here when you were born at the Golden Cross.

Then I had not turned over many pages in the preface before I discovered the second reason which had led John to spend much money on the purchase of this book for me.

‘In June 1799 he was placed under the care of the Reverend William Goodenough at Ealing,’ and a large number of the letters which the volume contains are addressed to this namesake of John’s.

Here is much reading to employ my solitary evenings. Also much will arise out of it, I foresee, to employ the happy days to come; I shall want to find out all that I can about the personages who appear in Barrè’s letters to his family and friends, and to note the differences in customs between those times and these.

To-morrow, before I go to the Camera, I shall set off to Christ Church and look at it with twice the interest that I should have looked before.

John has refused on principle to take me round and show me everything straight away, as though we had only a week in which to see all things. ‘For,’ says he, ‘it is of no use to let everything be but a building with a



CHRIST CHURCH FROM THE MEADOWS

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name tacked on to it: get some associations together and then go and see the places about which you have been reading; thus you will never forget what you see.'

You know that you always said that the next best thing to being a sensible woman oneself was to get a sensible husband; is not John, my husband, as sensible as his name?

So I turn to my quarto. It opens with a memoir of the poor young man and gives a rather pompous sketch of his short life and his love of antiquities and of learned pursuits, until he died of consumption. He was buried at Ealing, where a long Latin inscription, composed by Mr. Goodenough, marks his resting-place.

Some day John shall take me to see it. He must have been a very wonderful young man. I wish he had not died so soon.

The interest of the volume is in his own letters. He writes first to his mother from the Star Inn at Oxford, where he and his mother 'dined very well on maintenon cutlets, rabbits with onions, jellies, and cheese.'

I can still see the Star Inn, though it is now the Clarendon Hotel, but it is no use to go forth and look for the other great coaching inn of your time—the Angel—the New

Examination Schools stand where once it stood.

I turned to the pompous preface, where Barrè's cousin, Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, sets forth in well-judged sentences and rounded periods why the family judged it well to collect and privately to print these memorials.

Blessed be Bedford and forgiven his pomposity. It was through just some little window as this that I had hoped to look back upon Oxford and to catch some glimpses of it as it was a hundred years ago. The ghost of this poor young student of Christ Church was just the kind of ghost for whose company I pined.

‘He gave early symptoms of his disposition and talents, without sacrificing the character peculiar to infancy. The inclination for repose which seemed to be born with him, and to result from the absence of boisterous spirits, extended only to the functions of his body; for he possessed a singular playfulness of mind which accompanied him through life, and which, as is always the concomitant of cheerful goodness, would have stamped on him the character of youth for a much longer period than is usually allotted by nature to that division

of human life.' 'Whatever was curious in literature attracted his attention, but subjects of Antiquity were those which he most delighted to investigate and dwell upon.'

Before he was sixteen he had formed a collection of coins 'which now enriches the British Museum.' 'This collection was begun to be formed when Barrè was very young. He accidentally saw a few Roman coins in his father's possession, which he presently got transferred to his own.' Is not that the way that I was always forming the nucleus of my own collections out of those of an indulgent Grandparent?

Longer and longer grow the words of his biographer as the life of his subject grew shorter. 'The thirst for knowledge continued, but the exhausted state of his corporeal system opposed physical obstacles to its gratification.'

When John returned he found me dissolved in unbecoming tears. If I had a chattering husband who for ever talked and seldom understood, as is the fate of many a woman, how difficult should I not have found it to explain?

'I was crying my eyes out, dear, because a young man called Roberts died when only twenty-one years old a hundred years ago.'

Could anything sound more foolish?

But John understood and asked for no details, and we put the book aside and talked of his evening.

Had he enjoyed it? I inquired; he had enjoyed it very much; the Master had dined at the high table and had taken wine with him. There remains still a good old custom for you! Then they had sat talking in the Common Room until one after another the Tutors had gone away to 'take their men'; then John had gone to the rooms of his own old friend, who is still unmarried and living in College, and they had talked and talked, and had only stopped talking when John remembered that he had a wife waiting for him up an entry in Holywell.

This same friend—Mr. Tristram—came to call upon me the day after. He is one of those people whose talk forsakes them when they are confronted by anything feminine. John, whose presence would have relieved the tension, had unluckily gone out. His shyness infected me, and we sat in mutual misery saying nothing, while I prayed that John might come or that I might be changed into a Latin text or a philosophical treatise, or, indeed, anything with which he would feel familiar and at home. The poor man dared

not go and I was obliged to stay. If his prayers for help were half as ardent as mine there must be something in the efficacy of prayer, for the door opened again and Mr. Bayzand announced:

‘ Mr. Ferrers-Smith.’

Here was a very different type. He at once offered a cheerful explanation of himself and of his reasons for coming. He had been at Sempitern with John, then he had been elected to a Fellowship at another College. I feel sure that wherever I go I shall hear him described as ‘ one of the cleverest amongst our younger Dons ’: perhaps he would himself incline to leave out the two first words of this description.

When my visitors had departed I was left to settle with myself whether it is better to be talked to too much or too little. I came to no conclusion; neither would John help me to reach one.

At night I wrote in my little locked book: ‘ A modest man is one of Nature’s fairest works.’

Dinner at the Lodgings was a little awe-inspiring. The card of invitation told us ‘ The Vice-Chancellor will be present ’; this meant that John had to go attired in his cap

and gown. Mr. Bayzand charged me, before he went off to help with the waiting, that I should be sure to remind John to take these garments with him. We walked, as it is the simple custom to do here; unless you are very great and grand, or unusually delicate, or living very far away in the north of Oxford.

Some of the men, who had forgotten to bring their gowns, were being hastily provided with borrowed ones as we came into the hall.

The number of people made it rather bewildering at first, but I disentangled them in time. Every one was pleasant and nice to me, but to every one I had to explain that I was not an American, though John is a Professor at Harvard; I had to explain, too, that we were married just as John's Sabbatical was about to begin, so I have not really settled at Harvard at all, and I know only what John tells me about its ways, and how they differ from those of Oxford. Most of them had never heard of Sabbaticals; that blessed custom would not appear to be general amongst the Professoriate here.

The Master himself was a delightful host: he came, with strict impartiality, to talk to all of his guests in turn. To each he conversed in a manner suitable to their age and

other requirements. I am sure that his manners would have satisfied even your own high standard in such matters.

He was deeply interested in my account of your life on the Island; he brought out a large old atlas and made me show him its exact position as nearly as was possible.

I sat next to a delightful person who appeared to know everything that there is to be known about Oxford past and present; still more delightful than this, he has a great library of books on the subject, and, more delightful than all, he has offered to show them to me. He seemed to approve of my interest in Oxford at the beginning of the nineteenth century: he wished, he said, that more ladies would interest themselves in such matters: he had a young cousin, a student up here, who was reading and writing about Political Economy. 'I told her,' said he, 'that she should choose some subject more befitting the attention and the pen of a gentlewoman.'

We nodded our heads together over the unladylike studies of this misguided young woman. It is strange the effect that being in the company of a high Tory has upon me; it invariably makes me feel retrograde and Tory too; all my new-worldishness drops off

me, every modern aspiration leaves me, I long passionately to be able just to live my life as my grandmother lived hers, or even my great-grandmother. Is it just a premonition of the inevitable end of all us Radicals?

On my other hand I had Mr. Smith, and from him also I learned things that I was glad to know. But how much less pleasant it is to glean knowledge from those who are too well aware of the value of their own conversation.

Mr. and Mrs. Oglander were there; they are the people who called when we were out. They live in Holywell, quite near to us, and Mrs. Oglander means to befriend me and to take me to Ladies' Musical Societies and other pleasant gatherings when John is taking his pleasure away from home.

'For, of course,' said she, 'your husband will be asked to dine in Hall and with various Clubs and Societies, and then you will be glad to turn to the purely feminine side of things. That is one comfort of being here—you need never be at a loss for something intelligent and interesting to do. Never was there a place where it is so possible to improve your mind in a satisfactory and agreeable manner.'

I am looking forward to a further ac-

quaintance with this lively and pleasant lady.

The Professor of Rhetoric and his wife were asked especially to meet us on account of John. They have promised to seek us out, and they 'hope to see more of us.' They seemed to be just the kind of person by whom one would like to be seen more of as often as they are disposed to see us.

We walked home in the moonlight. Do you remember at all the witchery of Oxford by moonlight? All the beautiful permanent part of it at its most romantic and beautiful—all the newer and jarring buildings glozed over or sunk in shadow. Is there anywhere else in the world, I wonder, where one walks by moonlight through a city of noble buildings put to noble uses? I pleaded for a somewhat longer walk than our direct route home, so we wandered off round the Square where stands my dear, daily-haunted Camera.

Nothing is changed here, I fancy, since your time except the railing which now surrounds the building. You remember the story of the pre-railing days, and the two drunken Dons who wandered all night round and round the Library, clinging on to its walls, and always hoping to find themselves round

the corner and so on the way home? Now the railing is there, but the old port-wine-loving Don of the past has vanished.

We walked slowly round the Square. You remember how perfect it is—the very heart of the University—and all so beautifully unchanged. This is almost the only place now where the cobble-stones still remain in the streets; through my thin shoes they brought home to me the sweet discomfort of the older days. We thought of ladies in sedan-chairs with attendant linkmen, and almost screamed with astonishment at the anachronistic motor car which suddenly fussed and fumed past All Souls.

But these are raptures, and if I am to go into raptures, I shall have to start another book with yet another coloured cover to contain them, for raptures must find no home in the red book or the green. If I did start such a book it would soon be bursting its covers, so I think that the wisest thing to do is not to rapturise at all, but to return once more to the cold style of a guide-book.

I thought that one of the best ways of getting to know what Oxford was really like when you were here was to get a guide-book of the period, so I spent twelve-and-sixpence and added to my library *A Topographical*

and Historical Description of the University and City of Oxford. By Nathaniel Whittock, Lithographer to the University of Oxford. It was published in 1829, so it is just a little after your period, but I could not resist buying it, it held so much that was fascinating. It is such a magnificently naïf work, its history is so refreshingly unscientific, all of the 'he says to me and I says to him' order. I shall have to investigate the claims to credibility of 'The writer to whom we are indebted for penetrating the thick clouds of ages past, and proving the founding of Oxford to have taken place before the erection of Solomon's Temple.'

Under the heading of 'University Degrees' I read that in your day 'The sons of the English, Scotch, and Irish peers, and the eldest sons of baronets and knights, when matriculated as such, and not on the foundation of any college, are allowed to have their degrees after having completed three years.' There is a delightful picture of noblemen in dress and undress gowns, and of a gentleman Commoner in a dress gown. Beautiful young people they are, in blue coats with brass buttons, tight-fitting small-clothes and silk stockings. The nobleman is resplendent in gown of purple damask and gold lace, and

he wears a large gold tassel on his cap. Nowadays, when I see a particularly beautiful young man who has all the air of a young lord of romance, he may just as likely as not be no one in particular. There is but one gown for all Scholars and one for all Commoners. The Commoners' gown was not quite such an undignified garment in your day as it is now. I have seen it reduced here almost to one black rag fluttering in the wind; the effect of a very short black gown worn over a green or brown suit and a pair of brown boots is neither artistic nor impressive. Just now it is the fashion to wear no hat at all, but people tell me that there was a time when a cloth cap frequently gave the last touch of the bizarre to this costume.

It is only when going to lectures and to some other functions that even this minimum of 'academic costume' is obligatory.

I turn to my Grey Lady and find, under the heading 'Academical Dress,' the various occasions on which it is necessary that the Undergraduate should go '*vestitu in Academico*': (1) when calling officially upon a Tutor or other College or University Officer, (2) in Chapel, in Hall, and at Lectures, as well as at University Sermons or other University assemblies.

At other times all dress as seems best to them. The style that recommends itself to most of them is a decided *négligé*. I dwell upon this side of life because it must all have been so different in your time. I have seen prints of old Oxford where even upon the river the Dons are wearing their caps and gowns. It was my kind friend of the Master's dinner who showed me these said prints; he did not at all forget his promise to help me to realise the difference between Oxford of your day and of mine. He came to call upon us, and quite approved of our quiet corner. He had known, he said, many generations of people who lived in this very house: he carried me back yet another hundred years or so before your time, when Thomas Hearne was there, noticing and writing down every fact, important and unimportant, that came within his ken. My friend was so sympathetic that I ventured to tell him about the green book—the red, of course, is strictly private.

'Facts, Mrs. Goodenough,' said he, 'you've a fancy for facts, have you; well, then, you will enjoy reading Hearne, that greatest of fact collectors.'

So some volumes of Hearne's diaries are added to my loan collection of Oxford books. Just think, in Hearne's time he could speak

of Holywell as a part of the north suburbs of Oxford, and now we consider ourselves, and with justice, as living at the very heart of things. Far away to the north there stretch miles and miles of roads, bordered by innumerable red brick villas in which dwell countless Dons—at least they would be countless if they were not all duly accounted for under their Colleges, in the ‘List of Out-College Residents,’ another of those useful works of reference with which my growing acquaintance has obliged me to furnish myself. It is to the north of Oxford that we have to go to return many of the visits which polite and kind people pay to us. Here it is that my kind friend, the Professor’s wife, has started to see more of us. We went to a pleasant ‘At Home’ at her house, and met various agreeable persons. It is generally possible to guess whom you are certain to meet at the houses you go to. In a sense, every one in or of the University knows every one else, but you cannot, naturally, really know them all. Your acquaintance runs along certain definite lines. First there comes your husband’s College; you will naturally know all the Graduate members of that and their wives, if any. Then your husband’s ‘shop,’ be it Philosophy, or His-

tory, or Science ; there are all the other people who are teaching the same subject; you will come naturally into contact with all of these. All kinds of private reasons will bring friends about you, people with whom you work learnedly, politically, or philanthropically; there will come, too, the friends of your relations and the friends of your friends.

A good deal of all this wisdom was imparted to me by that Mrs. Oglander whom we had met at the Master's. She had called upon me and I had returned her visit, but we had not met again.

'Though I have often seen you,' said she, 'from my window: where do you go to so regularly when you pass along Holywell so early in the morning?'

So I told her about my little readings in the Camera, and she was deeply interested; she said that she began here full of high aspirations for the improvement of her understanding, but most of these aspirations had faded away or become unattainable ideals.

'Life here,' said she, 'is so full of interest, it seems foolish to sit at home and read books when all life outside is a page of Universal History. I try to make up for a neglected education by absorbing bits of the knowledge

that the children bring home from school, and to attain to some degree of cultivation by listening to the conversation of my husband and his friends: it is possible to knit stockings for the family during these educative processes.'

Mrs. Oglander introduced me to a pretty and charming person, a Mrs. Enderby. She said that she should like to come and see me because I am Irish and she is too. Her father was in America for many years, but she, herself, has never been there: she has another home in Ireland where she and her husband and her two little girls spend all their vacations. I expect we may see her there, for it is not very far from Ballinavoy, where we are to spend our Christmas with the Synge cousins.

There were several men at the party, but most of them mounted their bicycles and rode off to 'take their men' at five o'clock. I gather that the general play-time here is from two o'clock or so until five o'clock, except for those who attend many committees. On Monday afternoons the Hebdomadal Council meets, and that is why I see the Master—my Master, I may justly call him—walking down Holywell towards two o'clock, on his way to the New Schools. He looks

particularly dignified and beautiful on these occasions, clad in academic garb, and carrying his portfolio of council papers. Again on Sundays he looks still more beautiful on his way to attend the University Sermon at Saint Mary's Church.

This is a ceremony to which I, too, delight to go; partly, I think, because I feel that all must be much as it was when you were here, and partly because it is a University ceremony, and I, in my little way, am now a unit in the University system. For me, as a 'Master's Lady,' a little place is prepared and in it I sit. John brings me into the church by the west door, then he deposits me under a gallery in a tier of pews devoted to the use of Masters' ladies. Here I sit meekly and watch him take his seat on the cross benches in the middle of the nave among the other Masters of Arts.

Then there comes the procession, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Proctors, Heads of Houses and Doctors. We, under the gallery, cannot see much of them, because they sit in rows with their backs to us and their faces to the preacher. We sing a hymn, and then the preacher calls upon us to pray for 'Christ's holy catholic church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed

throughout the whole world, and especially for the Church of England; and herein for the King's most excellent Majesty, our sovereign lord Edward, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, defender of the faith, over all persons, in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, throughout his dominions supreme. And, that there may never be wanting a succession of persons duly qualified for the service of God in church and state, ye shall implore His blessing on all places of religious and useful learning, particularly on our Universities; and here in Oxford for the most honourable George Nathaniel, Viscount Curzon, our Chancellor, for the vice-chancellor, for the doctors, the proctors, and all heads of colleges and halls with their respective societies; more particularly am I bound to pray for the good estate of'—and here the preacher prays for his own college in particular—'in the form peculiar to it.' 'To these your prayers ye shall add unfeigned praise for mercies already received; for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; particularly for the advantages afforded in this place by the munificence of founders and benefactors, such as were'—

and then there comes the noble list of all the good men and women who have endowed the preacher's college, or colleges, with their worldly goods. 'Finally, ye shall praise God for all those who are departed out of this life in the faith of Christ, and pray that we may have grace to direct our lives after their good example; that, this life ended, we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection in the life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour.' Then follows the Lord's Prayer, and then the preacher preaches to us, and generally it is a very good sermon that he preaches, because he is a Select Preacher or a Bampton Lecturer, or some one who is chosen because he has something to say, and, in all probability, knows how to say it. Then the procession re-forms and goes out, and we after it, and the ordinary congregation comes in to matins.

Usually after the sermon we go and walk in the gardens of St. John's College. There are no flowers just now, but there is always the beautiful garden front, and to reach it one passes always across the inner quadrangle with its wealth of exquisite detail in carved stone. I think that I might have passed all this, merely saying to myself or to John,

'This is very charming,' only, fortunately, the first time that we went we were walking with that friend of mine who has made me free of his library; he showed me the scheme of the whole decoration, the Christian and Cardinal Virtues with their appropriate emblems and the Arts and Sciences with theirs. Charles the First and Henrietta Maria look down from either gateway.

It is in this way that some of the chief delight of life in Oxford lies. When you have seen all the more striking and beautiful things you can go all over them again, always finding out new beauty or new meaning in the details; and there are always lesser, or at anyrate less striking beauties to explore. Sometimes these things are pointed out to me, or, sweeter still perhaps when found, I am left to discover them for myself. But were I to live here for ever, I know that I should never become aware of them all, nor would familiarity with them ever dull their charm.

I can never pass down the High Street without looking up at the gateway of All Souls to renew my pleasure in it. There are the figures of Archbishop Chichele and King Henry the Sixth, and, above them, the little canopied bas-relief which cannot fail to

remind the passer-by of the purpose for which the College was built:

‘COLLEGIUM ANIMARUM FIDELIUM DEFUNCTORUM IN OXONIA

‘Not only for our welfare and that of our godfather, the Archbishop, while alive, and for our souls when we shall have gone from this light, but also for the souls of the most illustrious Prince Henry, late King of England, of Thomas, late Duke of Clarence, our Uncle; of the Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, Esquires, and other noble subjects of our Father and ourself who fell in the wars for the Crown of France, as also for the souls of all the faithful departed.’

I pass along the High Street very often now, for I go with decent regularity to lectures on English Literature, hoping thereby to make myself more worthy of John—note-book in hand, I can almost fancy myself to be a girl at College again.

I have duly enrolled myself as an A.E.W. Student, that is to say, that I go under the Auspices of the Association for the Education of Women. In order to do this I climbed to the office of the Association, which is situated

up many a pair of stairs, at the top of the Clarendon Building.

Here I should have to confess again that I am not a 'Serious Student,' that I did not want to pursue a definite course of study, nor to seek certificates and diplomas: all that I asked was to be allowed to flutter round the lower branches of the Tree of Knowledge.

I reminded myself of the cheering words of that parson who told his people that it is better to have a low ideal than no ideal at all: armed with the above-mentioned low ideal I entered the office.

The officials were very kind to me in spite of the lowness of my motives, and I was duly enrolled among what are known, I believe, as 'Miscellaneous Ladies.' My lectures are in the New Schools, a magnificent building at the bottom of the High Street, and there I sit in front of an inky little table with a sunk inkpot in it. I carry with me a notebook in which I write notes, and I try to feel that I am really acquiring quite a tidy little heap of knowledge out of which I can sift some golden grains to pack up in my trunks and bring home to you. As a matter of fact, I believe that I attend more to the student types that surround me than I do to the

acquirement of learning. How much more interesting than much learning or than many lectures is one young man or one young woman. How I should like to know all about these amongst whom I sit; what stories I weave about them and their probable circumstances, all, no doubt, wildly unlike their real stories and circumstances.

Once I sat at a desk which was richly ornamented with pen-and-ink drawings, done, doubtless, by some genius in an hour of boredom: now and again one finds written reminiscences of those who have despaired of ever finding words wherewith to answer an examination paper. Once I was confronted by the pathetic legend written very splotchily upon my desk, 'Oh, what a rotter this man is!' What man, I wondered, and on what subject was he rotting?

You must not think that all my time is spent in this very sober and self-improving manner, or should I say in this apparently superior manner?

John takes me occasionally to see football matches and other forms of sport; I endeavour to understand them, but I find them far more difficult to comprehend than many lectures. Only when Sempitern is itself engaged can I manage to work myself up to

the requisite pitch of totally ignorant enthusiasm. Just now it is likely that Sempitern will keep in to the end for the 'Soccer Cup Tie.' It behoves every one, however remotely connected with the College, to be interested and thrilled by this connection with possible glory: even Mr. Bayzand's manner implies that I am expected to simulate, at least, an appearance of intelligent interest. There were no such things as Soccer Cup Ties in your day, and for many a long day after.

My dear young Barrè Roberts, he of Christ Church a hundred years ago, had no such inducements to keep in the open air: perhaps if he had he would not have died of consumption when he was but one-and-twenty. The only exercise that he ever took was a little riding, and he did not take much of that, because he appears to have been such a very poor horseman. Listen to his description of the horse that he wanted: 'My horse should be large, blind, deaf, and asthmatic: he should be extremely slow in all his paces, very sure-footed and lazy, by no means apt to start, shy, or canter. If very much out of condition he would be preferred; and he should be warranted twenty years old. This being my idea of a perfect

horse, I would advise you to bind it up with Lord Bolingbroke's idea of a Patriot King and Lord Bacon's idea of a palace.'


I do think that for so young a man—he was but sixteen when he came up to Christ Church—he had much wit and sense. 'I think,' he writes to his father, 'two general observations are very good, and ought to be early inculcated into young minds: the first, "all tradesmen are rascals"; the second, "all foreigners are fools"; they teach such a charitable doctrine and such a modest diffidence, and make society so very desirable, that I think they would form the soundest principles.' I find that I am growing to love this young man who died a hundred years ago. Often I wander in and out of Christ Church in the hope that I may meet his ghost; I fear to raise the suspicions of the authorities, because I cannot resist poking my head into places where I have no right to poke it, in my efforts to find which staircase it was on which my Barrè lived. 'On a door at the bottom of the staircase, which on the top is ornamented with very ancient carving, is the representation of some strange animal eating a crown; this I conceive was done at the dissolution of Cardinal College, and was a satire on Wolsey, who was accused of

embezzling and consuming the treasures and revenues of his sovereign. If the conjecture is unfounded, the hieroglyphic is still curious; from its diminutive size, it has escaped the eye of every one who is not in the habit of passing it continually, and therefore I shall never discover whether my explanation is plausible.'

Surely that is just the kind of point over which the ghost of a young antiquarian might be allowed to return for a time and communicate the solution to an inquiring lady from far-off lands!

I delight to write Christ Church thus—Ch. Ch.—when I have occasion to write to any one there, for I find Barrè Roberts writing to his mother: 'I permit you to direct your letters to me Ch. Ch., not at length; tell Sir it is done here almost always.'

I please myself by finding points of difference and of resemblance between the Oxford of his time and Oxford as she presents herself to me.



True to my plan of life here and to my constant inclination, I prefer to dwell rather upon points of resemblance than on those of difference. Even to the names over the shop doors much remains as it was in his day. Constantly he writes to tell his father of

some treasure that he had discovered when on one of his frequent visits to Mr. Parker the bookseller in Broad Street; and it was at Mr. Parker's shop that John bought the volume of remains and brought it home to be a constant joy to me.

I wonder who had all dear Barrè's books when he was dead and gone. 'Next Thursday,' he writes, 'the Oseney and Oxford Tracts will be sold. I have ordered Sotheby to buy them at any price.' I wish that John could claim kinship with those Goodenoughs of whom Barrè was so fond; perhaps there might be some legend in their family of the old friendship with the Roberts, and one might know what became of all the loving family circle which Barrè left to mourn his death.

He even possessed some MSS. of Anthony Wood; where, I wonder, are those MSS. now?

'I have this day been with Mr. Parker the bookseller, and talked with him about Wood's MS. I find that Mr. Gutch of All Souls College published, about the year 1786, not only the history of the Colleges and Halls, but also the annals of the University, from the MS. of Wood which is in the Bodleian Library; that, however, differs from my manuscript, and does not contain so much.'

What Undergraduate of 'The House' in these days, I wonder, would be likely to possess a MS. of Anthony Wood's, or to spend his time collating it with those in the Bodleian Library? I suppose it is the inevitable drawback to the Collegiate System, which has so much to recommend it, that one always thinks of the men here, and they always think of themselves, as of this College or of that, seldom or never as of part of a University. Many a man must live all his time here and hardly realise that he belongs to a great University, all his thoughts and interests being centred in the ways and doings of his own particular College.

Listen to *The 'Varsity* on the whole duty of Freshmen: 'Your College has first claim on you; the University the next; your friends the third; and you the last.'

This statement is again made the text for an article in another number of the same paper, one of a series on 'The Whole Duty of Man' as regards Athletics. This article gives food for thought to one who is going about comparing old times with new ones and gathering Facts for a Grandfather. This article takes the words I have just quoted and preaches a very nice little sermon on them. It is all so solemn, and, doubtless, so

very, very true : ' And we find that men who might be doing good service to the whole 'Varsity have contented themselves, through a mistaken sense of duty or an anxiety for immediate and limited popularity, with the smaller, and (outside Oxford) unimportant field of Inter-Collegiate athletics.'

The article ends by propounding a problem of an awful magnitude : ' This matter of precedence, of course, comes up in many forms—I was asked last term, for example, what a man ought to do, having entered for an event in the Freshers' Sports and won his heat, and being asked to play for the Rugger Team against a Cambridge College on the day of the Final: and it is a very nice point.'

' Good Heavens! ' you will say, ' how can the youth of Oxford survive at all when, at any moment, they may be confronted by such a remorseless dilemma as this? '

Again my writer of the article: ' The root of all the trouble,' says he, ' is the idea, whose source is not hard to trace, that a Blue is nothing more than a personal distinction. Most men, knowing Blues to be very hard to get, seeing them sought for with the utmost pertinacity, feeling that they would themselves make almost any

sacrifice for the distinction, forget that there is something more involved than the liberty to side about in a scarf. The latter aspect is the one that strikes us oftenest, and we are apt to draw from it the unthinking conclusion that a man who is willing to forego the pomp and circumstance of the greatest honour open to him, for the sake of the success of his College, must be a very single-hearted patriot indeed. And so indeed he would be, if it were nothing more than a personal honour; and the man who makes the sacrifice feels, and rightly, that he has done a great thing—but does not see that he has done a bad thing from good motives.” Is not all this arguing with high seriousness on a matter of vast importance? What a poor creature one feels for having no opinion on so great a subject and so little understanding of the immensity of the issue. Well indeed might the poet write:

‘When the bard selects a subject which is suitable to
sing,

’Tisn’t Love or Convocation, but it’s quite another
thing—

For the monumental records of elevens and of crews
Are the only theme that’s proper for the academic
Muse:

’Tis the sinews and the thews

And the victories of Blues:

They're the solitary object which is likely to amuse—
Yes, the only dissertations that the public will peruse
Are the chronicles relating the performances of Blues.'

Thus writes Mr. Godley, whose complete works I must bring back to you, and you must peruse them with care and attention if you want to get a vivid impression of Oxford of to-day. Who was it who said that ballad-writing was more important than law-giving? Anyway, to read the current poetry of Oxford gives to one of her ancient lovers a very vivid idea of her contemporary history.

Incidentally, and in reference to a passage in that article, I wonder whether the expression, 'the liberty to side about in a scarf,' conveys any meaning to you, or would convey any to another Undergraduate of eighty years ago?

I can apply to John to interpret for me when I find myself utterly at sea in conversation, and sometimes I am completely at a loss because I cannot make out more than a word or two here and there in the language of that one who converses with me.

But even John fails me sometimes as a slang dictionary, because the Undergraduate slang of to-day is not always to be understood by the Undergraduate of yesterday—

so evanescent a thing is slang, so truly the expression of the moment. I know that you dislike it on principle, but you must make an exception in favour of any really good and thoroughly genuine specimens that come in my way. Try to bear with them, dear Grandfather, on the safe ground that they are historical material, and as such have their definite and not unimportant uses.

When the editors of the future edit the novels of the present, what hunting up and comparing of contemporary documents they will have to go through, in order to find the exact shade of meaning of some slang expression. Times change so fast and circumstances alter, and the appropriate slang changes and alters with them. Ever so short a time ago, in the days when John was up, there was a Hall here whose inhabitants were known as 'Skimmery men.' An Undergraduate would not understand what you meant if you were to talk to him about Skimmery nowadays, because St. Mary Hall has ceased to exist.

So permit me to take an intelligent interest in local slang such as I try to take in every manifestation of the Oxford spirit.

Meanwhile the mention of Halls which have ceased to exist brings me to the subject of the pious pilgrimage that I made to Hert-

ford College in search of any remnant that might be found there of what was your home when you were here.

First I prepared my mind by reading the history of Hertford College in a series of College Histories.

A curiously mixed history it is.

Apparently your Hall—Magdalen Hall—was burnt out of its own buildings beside Magdalen College in 1820, and then it came, like a cuckoo's egg, and lived in the deserted nest of what had once been Hertford College, and was formerly Hart Hall.

I should like to interpolate here all that I have learned, as I pursue my desultory way amongst the books in the Camera, about the antiquity of Halls, the evolution of Colleges out of Halls, the possible revival of the system of Halls, and various kindred matters.

But who am I that I should inflict all this upon you, when all that you ask from me is that I should collect a few facts for you, and not that I should offer you the results of my amateur researches.

The fact remains that, had you come up before 1820, you would have stayed in the picturesque old building where Keats stayed with his friend Benjamin Bailey, and where he wrote the third book of *Endymion*. Coming,

as you did, in 1823 you came to the new home of Magdalen Hall; Doctor Macbride was your Principal, and Principal he remained for fifty-four years, dying in 1868, in the ninetieth year of his age.

All this is to show you that I neglect no facts relating to the Aula which numbered you amongst its alumni.

Outwardly there is not very much in Hertford to interest the inquiring stranger; but to me it seemed full of interest, partly because you had lived within its walls, and partly because it forms a curious link in the history of the old days at Oxford and the new.

It owes its present existence as a College to one of the ancient and honourable race of Pious Founders, and the interest of its site goes back to the time when Elias de Hertford purchased it in 1283 and built a hall upon it for the accommodation of Oxford scholars. Then, in the eighteenth century, came the time when Hart Hall grew into Hertford College and then faded away altogether. Then came Magdalen Hall to use the deserted buildings, and finally, in 1874, came the new foundation of Hertford College.

So that this small corner of ground has a great historical interest.

I began at the end, that is to say, I was shown first the new chapel—a charming piece of renaissance building—which is being fitted, with consummate cleverness, into one of Hertford's few spare corners.

Building on to an Oxford College is rather like fitting a puzzle together: also I may say in this connection, that no future fate can possibly be too bad for those who build carelessly and hideously in Oxford.

Then I saw the inadequate, quaint little chapel, in which you must, I suppose, have worshipped when you were at Magdalen Hall; also I saw the old dining-hall, in which you dined, now turned into a library.

I went into the fine new hall, round which hang portraits of the great men of old Hertford College and of Magdalen Hall: Hobbes and Tyndale, Charles James Fox, and Clarendon. It gave me a singular delight to find that my own dear Doctor Plot was Dean of Magdalen Hall for some time in the seventeenth century.

Having begun at the end we ended at the beginning, and saw the old buttery, a veritable piece of the original Hart Hall. Then we went outside the old boundary and across the street to the newest of new buildings again, only to find ourselves amongst the

oldest of the old; for here is the Chapel of Our Lady at Smith Gate; it was 'built as 'tis said by one Whobberdie' (de Hybberdine); 'and that it always stood open for passengers to pray,' especially 'for candidates who took degrees to pray for the regents,' who granted or withheld degrees in the Schools hard by.

In your time the Schools were still 'hard by'; now the buildings remain, but only the inscriptions over the doors remind the passer-by of what was once their use. It was a good thought that came to some one to put these inscriptions over the doors in letters of gold on a blue ground, for they serve to remind the most unthinking of the purpose for which these buildings were originally destined, and, at the same time, to refresh his memory as to the several branches of the mediæval curriculum. Also, in 1901, the corbel stones of each door were carved with the heads of the learned, the wise, and the good. It is pleasant to find that of a woman—Margaret, Countess of Richmond—who founded the earliest endowed chair in the University, amongst these heads. Only a very logically minded person would pause and reflect on the oddity of the circumstance that Woman may endow but must

not expect to partake of endowments. It is, no doubt, more truly feminine to give rather than to receive.

Most of the space which was once given up to 'the Schools' is now used by the Bodleian Library, 'and is crammed, in every story, and in every room, from floor to ceiling, with printed books or manuscripts.' I will bring back to you the little book from which I quote these words—*A Bodleian Guide for Visitors*, by Andrew Clark—and you can read for yourself all that you do not know about Bodley's Library, and refresh your memory on all the points that used to be familiar to you.

One thing, certainly, was not there in your time. In what was formerly the 'Schola Naturalis Philosophiae' is now the 'Hope Collection of Engraved Portraits and Books.' Doesn't the very thought of it make your mouth water? You, who love to look upon the pictured face of any one whose books you read or whose great deeds you hear! 'The collection now comprises two hundred and fifty thousand portraits, beside other prints. The catalogue is not yet completed, but even now an inquirer can generally be directed to the likeness of any famous man he is interested in.'

You may be sure that I have knocked at the knocker, for there is a veritable knocker on the door, between the hours of eleven and one, and two and four. How you would love to see that bust of Goldwin Smith, which shows him as he was before he crossed over to our side of the water.

I delighted to see a picture of Cyril Jackson, the great Dean of Christ Church, the object of my Barrè Roberts' awe. 'I have had no more interviews with the Dean,' says he, 'but I wear a band constantly, in expectation of being sent for to him, for I know, in such a dreadful agitation as it would cause me, I should forget all etceteras.'

Here, in Dighton's drawing of the great Dean, one sees him, walking round Christ Church meadows, just as Barrè used to meet him. 'I met the Dean to-day, and as I was walking rather slow, he said, "I think, sir, if I were of your age, I should walk a little faster; I believe I could beat you now."' I made no answer, but mended my pace.'

How changed are times and manners!

Where are the Dons of the old school who took their stately walks—clad, of course, always in cap and gown—in Christ Church meadows; where are the civil Undergraduates who walked there also?

If one goes now through Christ Church meadows in the early afternoon, it may probably be full of flannelled figures, all rushing wildly to some sport or other. Possibly one may encounter such a modern Don as is described by M. George Grappe in a little brochure called *Les Pierres d'Oxford*:

‘Un *graduate* passa, libéré de sa robe et de la planche à mortier. La courte pipe de bruyère aux lèvres, il lançait en l’air de large bouffées bleues de tabac virginien. Il portait sur la tête une casquette ronde, était vêtu d’un costume élégant de cycliste et tenait sous le bras une paire de raquettes.’

Is not this a gem of descriptive writing? How is it that a Frenchman can convey so vivid an impression while he is so painfully inaccurate in his detail? Here is M. Grappe’s impression of a typical Undergraduate:

‘A la sortie d’Eton ou de tout autre *public house*, il est arrivé à Oxford n’ayant, à cette époque, qu’une très vague teinte de culture classique.’

How sentimental, too, is his view. He describes the influence of his environment upon a Balliol man: ‘Devant son collègue, il verra, à chaque instant du jour le fameux Martyr’s Memorial. Il l’apercevra au passage et ressentira quelque sentiment mélancolique

de ce souvenir perpétuellement évoqué. . . . La promenade, la "terrace walk," ombragée de noisetiers feuillus et d'ormeaux, où il viendra rêver, évoquera pour lui le souvenir de tous les grands aînés, plus nombreux ici peut-être qu'ailleurs.'

I do not think that many of the Undergraduates whom it is my good fortune to meet here are greatly influenced by the daily sight of the Martyr's Memorial, or spend much of their time in meditation under umbrageous trees.

The first with whom I became acquainted certainly wasted no portion of his valuable time in any pursuit of that kind. He is Moira Synge's nephew, and she had written and told us to be friends. I sent to ask would he come and see us at tea-time one Sunday. He came at once: he said, frankly, that he found our 'digs' rather difficult to discover. Had he come earlier in the term, when all things were still strange to me, I should have asked him what he meant, and should have inquired into the etymology of 'digs.' But I am learning to take all things for granted that I see or hear at Oxford, and not to ask for the meaning or the reason of anything that seems strange.

Maurice Lynch was most affable and kind

to me. His own tastes did not incline, I found, so much to learning as to sport, and he pitied me openly because I have not yet seen any of the Cup Tie matches played. It began to dawn slowly on him, as a horrid possibility, that there are people in this world who barely know the difference between 'Rugger' and 'Soccer.'

Now how should I know the difference? You had never taught me anything of the joy of standing all the afternoon on a narrow, crowded plank, in a moist field, staring at people playing a game of which I have but a most imperfect understanding. This was one of the possible joys of Oxford which did not exist for the Oxford ladies of your day, so how could you describe it to me?

The good Maurice will never, I fear, take me with him again.

Firstly, because I was foolishly agitated about my personal safety, the ball showed such a disconcerting tendency to rush into the crowd at unexpected places and moments. It did knock the handle off my favourite umbrella, and I felt that I ought to be glad that it was not my head that was lost. Then I committed a fatal indiscretion by talking in public on a subject of which I had no knowledge.

‘I thought,’ I said to Maurice, ‘that there were things called scrums in football; do be sure to tell me when there is going to be a scrum.’

I felt that poor Maurice shuddered, and I saw that he glanced hastily at the surrounding ladies, who looked most wise and talked in a most knowing manner about the game.

‘O Mrs. Goodenough,’ murmured he, ‘there are no scrums in Soccer, don’t you know.’

I did not wish to cover with confusion the honest youth who was so kind to me, so I spoke no more, and only clapped when I saw that every one else was preparing to clap too.

His was a generous nature. He condoned my horrid blunder by coming back to tea with me and consuming the crackers which Mr. Bayzand’s niece, who keeps house for him, had permitted me to make in her kitchen and to bake in her oven. He says that next term he will get a ticket for me to hear a debate at the Union. I could see that he was working out in his mind the problem of what he could do for a person whose range of intelligent interests is so limited as my own.

So I fear that you must form your impressions of what Oxford athletics are in

the present day from the pages of the *Oxford Magazine* or the *Isis*. These I will send to you, and under the heading 'Athletics' you may read in their pages a true account of the doings of ordinary persons and of the exploits of 'Blues,' those Olympians of the world of sport:

'Simply asking now and then

If you're ordinary men,

Or phenomena celestial who are granted to our ken :'

When I return I will explain to you—for by that time, doubtless, I shall know myself—what a half-blue is; by that time, perhaps, I may have mastered some of the terms which are now so much Hebrew to me, and I may be able to translate them to you in an intelligible manner. But it would be an easier task for me, I think, to undertake to study the dialects of India than those of the different branches of athletics. As fast as I learn exactly what it is that prevents Smith—who is said to have a 'terrible bucket' and to 'bounce his recovery'—from being a perfect oarsman, I am confronted with, and fail to understand, a description of the imperfections of Robinson at hockey. 'He must,' I read, 'avoid giving sticks at clearing. It is difficult to prevent their scoring from a bully so close to goal.'

It is clear, I think, that I must retire, as gracefully as may be, from this world of whose language I cannot master even the rudiments. I did go and look on at the College Sports, but the day was bad and the situation draughty, and my enthusiasm could not prevent me from catching a very bad cold.

Obviously I am intended by nature to have belonged to the pre-sporting era in Oxford, and I had better retreat there, in spirit, as soon as I possibly can.

I do not like to have any painful memories connected with any part of my existence here, so I will quote yet one more verse from that priceless and comforting poem for you, and then I will have done with the subject for ever :

‘ When I read my weekly *Isis* (as I usually do),
I peruse with veneration the achievements of the Blue :
Where his catalogue of virtues is hebdomadally penned
By the callow admiration of a sympathetic friend :

He’s the idol every week

Of a sympathetic clique

For his prowess on the River or his ignorance of Greek ;
And the Freshman, while the record he assiduously
cons,

Sees a model and ensample for the guidance of his
Dons !’

But you will see, when you get your *Isis* every week, that it is not only the Blue who

is its idol. Every week it has an 'idol,' that is to say, it has an article on some prominent Oxford person and a portrait of him: usually he is a 'Junior Member of the University,' otherwise an Undergraduate, but not invariably. Sometimes he is a less important person—a Graduate, or even some one who is not a 'Varsity Man' at all. The *Isis* gallery of pen and photographic portraits will form valuable material for the historian of the latter part of the nineteenth and the early days of the twentieth century.

But the day is drawing near when our weekly *Isis* will cease for a time, because there will be no reason for its existence. The talk at the parties to which we go now almost invariably begins with the question, 'And what plans have you made for spending the vacation?'

I, too, must draw to a close. I must leave my dear little home, where I have dwelt for two delicious months under the shadow of New College tower.

We shall be very happy elsewhere, no doubt, but nowhere else, I think, can we possibly feel so much at home, so beautifully a part of our surroundings as we do here.

How I shall miss my mornings in the Camera, or the late afternoons which I some-

times spent there, when I would look up from my book and see the sunset reddening the Oxford sky and making her grey towers glow rosily.

I had just accumulated, too, a little pile of delightful books which were held 'in reserve' for me; one of them is a volume published in 1884 by the Oxford Historical Society, *Letters of Richard Radcliffe and John James*. Herein I read the letters of a father and son who were at Queen's College in the eighteenth century. Another volume is called *The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale*, and this, also, is about three brothers from a family of Dalesmen who came to the College about the same time as the Jameses. One brother became in due time Provost of Queen's, and another was made Principal of St. Edmund Hall.

How I came to be reading these two books I cannot tell you, but, as our dear Mr. Bayzand says, 'The one thing leads to the other till you can't tell t'other from which.'

Do you remember how Mr. Squeers used to teach the poor boys at Dotheboys Hall? First he made them spell (or mis-spell) a word, and then he sent them to make practical application of that word. 'We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby—the

regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it.' Well, it is on the Squeersian system that I would endeavour to conduct my sight-seeing in Oxford. Surely the nicest way of seeing sights is first to catch your hare, in the shape of some human interest in a place, and then to cook it by going to see that place. In this instance my hares were the Jameses and the Fothergills: I caught them in the Camera and I cooked them at Queen's College. I very much delighted both in the object of the chase and in the chase itself. This desultory reading of mine has no doubt its drawbacks and its disappointments, but these are counterbalanced by its discoveries and its delights. It must be very improving and pleasant to sail on the sea of Learning in a well-found, stately ship, fully equipped and provisioned for a well-planned voyage. But it is charming, if you have no ship, to drop into a little cock-boat and to roam along an unknown coast, exploring each inlet and landing on each islet, just as the stream or the fancy of the moment takes you. I could pursue this metaphor to its very end, though pursuing metaphors is dangerous work, I

know; but there is surely something sweeter far and more enticing about these little voyages into the unknown than there can be about all the great and learned expeditions. Each little seaward hamlet, in whose tiny harbour you cast anchor, has the charm of the unexpected when you know nothing of the land that lies behind it. I am not sure that a lack of early education and strict training does not sometime prove to be one's greatest blessing. When all is fresh and new, all must be delightful and interesting. Greatest of all joys is the joy of the unexpected, and how seldom it can come to those who are possessed of an all-embracing knowledge. May I be kept from the little knowledge which is proverbially a dangerous thing, and from the great knowledge which is often a burden only to its possessor.

Now all this talk leads on to that freshness of interest with which I read what the letters of the Jameses and their friends had to tell of life at Oxford in the middle and end of the eighteenth century, and, more particularly, about life at Queen's College, and of the lives and letters of the Fothergill brothers.

Even in those days one comes across that most ancient of grumbles, 'Alas! things are not as they used to be!' Did Noah, I wonder,

first employ it, saying, ' Ah! how differently arranged everything was before that tiresome flood came and upset us ' ?

In December 1780 one finds Mr. Boucher writing to Mr. James : ' Oxford, I am afraid, everywhere is no longer what it was ; there is a frivolousness prevailing in other places besides Queen's.'

In some ways it is as well that things have changed. In 1779 J. James, Junior, writes to Mr. Boucher : ' The Fellows of a College, that spend half their lives in poring over newspapers and smoking tobacco, seem to live to no end, to be cut off from all the dearer interests of society, to possess, or at least to exert, no benevolence.'

Here, indeed, has Oxford changed for the better in one hundred and thirty years.

The Radcliffes and the Jameses seem all to have belonged to the ' comfortable classes.' They travelled in stage-coaches and, if they found these inconvenient or uncomfortable, they did not hesitate to take a post-chaise.

The Fothergills were in a very different case. The eldest son, George, went up to Oxford in 1822 by the carrier's cart, and here is a pathetic reference to the poverty which hampered him in his first letter to his parents. ' I have great need,' he writes, ' of another

pair of sheets, and none in College but myself wear yarn stockings.'

The burden of his letters home is generally his need of money or of clothes: 'I shall make the clothes I have serve over Winter, and as long as I can. I was forced to get both coats turned, and the odd piece of camlet which I brought up did a great deal of good in the turning of the camlet coat.'

And does not this bring before you the misery that is suffered by those who are both poor and proud? 'My coat was a little taken notice of at first, but is now by use grown unheeded.'

Later on this poor George was thankful to obtain the position of a servitor: 'I cannot tell well what we Servitors do. We are seven of us, and we wait upon the Batchelors, Gent. Commoners, and Commoners at meals. We carry in their Commons out of the kitchen into the Hall, and their bread and beer out of the Buttery. I call up one Gentleman Commoner, which is ten shillings a quarter when he's in town, and three Commoners, which are five shillings each on the same conditions. My Servitor's place saves me, I believe, about thirty shillings a quarter in battels, one quarter with another.'

Poor George Fothergill! His brother,

Thomas, over whose College career he watched so carefully, became Provost of Queen's, but the good George died in 1760, having attained only to the Principalship of St. Edmund Hall.

So here was my human interest, and, when some one offered to show Queen's College to me, I jumped at the offer in what was not, I trust, an ungraceful manner.

I saw the two magnificent libraries, one above the other. The lower one opens out into a charming garden, a real Fellows Garden, sacred from the invading and ubiquitous tourist. Here the only company of the Student who reads in the garden are the six stony gentlemen and ladies who regard him from their niches in the façade of the Library. Company enough they are—Queen Philippa and Queen Henrietta Maria and their Kings, with the Founder and an Archbishop and lesser persons. I wonder whether they were any comfort to my poor friend George Fothergill when he spent his vacations here in loneliness and poverty, or whether to him they were stony images and nothing more, and he found no comfort in them? It is a beautifully academic garden: in front the fretted towers of All Souls: on the right the long line of New College seen across New

College Lane : on the left is the Provost's Garden. There is nothing new to be seen from it save the east end of the new Chapel at Hertford. We were standing here in the very heart of the University.

From the garden we passed to the Chapel, an imposing eighteenth-century building set with windows more surprising than beautiful by Van Linge. Duly, also, we admired the screen which was carved by Grinling Gibbons. Did I tell you that I saw a description of some modern carving lately which was said to be 'in high relief like that of Grinling and Gibbon'?

From the Chapel we went to the Common Room, and here it was difficult to tell whether the greater charm was inside or outside.

Inside there were portraits of kings and queens and other persons, but more especially of queens, because the College was founded by Robert Eglesfield, the chaplain of Queen Philippa; he called it 'the Hall of the Scholars of the Queen.'

Outside there was again that wonderful view of Collegiate buildings. While we were gazing at the queer pinnacled towers which Hawksmoor built for All Souls, our guide told us of the strange sight which might have been observed there, and the strange sounds



A VIEW FROM ALL SOULS

which were to be heard on the night of January the fourteenth, nineteen hundred. Along the battlements and over the roofs went a procession of the Fellows of the College, with torches in their hands, seeking for the lost Mallard of All Souls, and singing this ditty:

‘The Romans once admired a gander,
More than they did their chief commander;
Because he saved, if some don’t fool us,
The place that’s call’d from the scull of Tolus.

Oh, by the blood of King Edward!
It was a swapping, swapping Mallard!’

The guide-books call this a ‘singular custom,’ as indeed it is; it is said to commemorate the discovery of a very large drake in a drain at the digging of the foundations of the College.

The eyes which watched these strange doings from the Common Room at Queen’s, or from other vantage spots, will never watch them again, for they take place now only every hundred years.

From the Common Rooms we crossed a long anteroom filled, too, with portraits. It was here that I looked upon the face of Doctor Thomas Fothergill, who lived to be Provost of Queen’s. I shall have to beg

my way into St. Edmund Hall across the way, if I want to see the portrait of Brother George.

Opening out of this anteroom there are three curtained recesses from which one can look down into the Hall. Through the middle one we looked, and we had to hush our voices, for a lecture was going on there. It was an impressive sight, all the more interesting because it was so foreshortened; one took in all the down-bent heads, all the note-books and the hands which scribbled in them, and all the pieces of red blotting-paper. Also the lecturer who paced the dais. Now and again he returned to his high desk and refreshed himself with his notes. All this we saw, as the birds of the air, or the angels in heaven might have seen it.

If we had been staying here through the vacation we might have been invited to witness a very different ceremony from this alcove. On Christmas night there is high revelry in the Hall of Queen's College: the Fellows dine right royally, and a great boar's head, prepared in the College kitchen, surmounted by a crown and wreathed with gilded sprays of laurel and bay, mistletoe and rosemary, is brought into the Hall. It

is preceded by the Provost and the Fellows,
and in front of it goes the Precentor, singing:

‘The boar’s head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary ;
And I pray you, masters, merry be !
Quotquot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar’s head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land ;
Being thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.’

Numerous persons are privileged to line
the Hall and to join in the refrain, and the
effect of Christmas jollity must indeed be
very pleasing.

I could not be here to see the dinner, nor
John to take a possible part in it, but we went
to the Buttery and saw the magnificent dish
upon which the boar’s head is carried. We
saw the trumpet which calls the College to

dinner, for Queen's men go always to dinner to the sound of a trumpet. We saw the beautiful College plate, salt-cellars which would hold salt for an army, tumblers which actually tumble, peg-tankards and black jacks. These things are possessed by other Colleges, but only Queen's has a Wassail cup which was the gift of a queen five hundred years ago. This cup it was our privilege to see—a wonderful horn mounted with gold bands and on each band 'Wasseyll' is inscribed. Out of this cup the Fellows drink some modern equivalent for the mead of their forefathers, on Gaudies and other great College festivals.

(You may not have taught me the difference between Rugby football and the Association variety, but you did teach me to know a Gaudy should I happen to come across one.)

After we had seen so much of Queen's, we went out through that little gate which leads into New College Lane and so across to St. Edmund Hall to look for George Fothergill.

Now by that little gate hangs a tale which illustrates and explains many things in Oxford. When the College was first built in the fourteenth century the principal gateway was next to the chapel and faced St. Edmund

Hall across New College Lane. Over this gateway were the rooms of King Henry the Fifth when he was an Undergraduate at Queen's.

When the great rebuilding of the College took place in the eighteenth century, the chief entrance was placed in the centre of the magnificent façade on the High Street. But no porter's lodge was provided at the fine new gate; the porter had always been at the east gate, and at the east gate he remained. The entrance to the College continued to be where it had always been. It was there in fact when Henry the Fifth was king, and there, in theory, it remained until Edward the Seventh sat upon the throne.

O restless and dissatisfied generation! why move and alter those things that your fathers set in their places!

Pondering these matters we found ourselves outside the gate which has taken so long to reach its destined place as a private entrance into the College, and we went over to St. Edmund Hall, where we duly found George Fothergill.

A queer little place is 'Teddy Hall,' but not to be despised, for it is the last of those ancient pre-collegiate institutions—the Halls of Oxford.

When I returned to read it up in Ingram's

Memorials of Oxford, I found that 'it was named after Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, who delivered lectures here about 1219.' Some of the present buildings are of the fifteenth century, and there is nothing offensively modern about any part of it. George Fothergill had a quiet and pleasant spot to end his days in after all his struggles and difficulties.

When I went home and read my guide-books or hied me to the Camera and looked up the references to what I had been seeing, I found, naturally, that I had by no means exhausted the interest of even this one College. The Boar's head dinner is not the only festival which brings Queen's people together at Christmas time. On New Year's Day the Bursar, 'having as many needles threaded as there are members staying in the College, when dinner is ended, goes to each in succession, presenting a needle with its accompanying thread, addressing him with the pithy sentence, "Aiguille et fil"—"Take this and be thrifty," which being sounded similar to the Founder's name—*i.e.* Eglesfield—forms a rebus.'

Mrs. Oglander told me that she met a man at a dance on New Year's night who had just come from this dinner, and there, stuck

in the lapel of his coat, was a needle with a red thread twisted round it, in token that he was a Fellow of Queen's and that he had received his yearly admonition and reminder.

Had I been here this Christmas Vacation I too might have had such a meeting to chronicle for you; and had we been here we should have been asked to the Magdalen carol-singing on Christmas Eve. John would have gone, with a Magdalen Don, into the Hall, and I should have sat, with other wives and daughters, in the gallery, while the Magdalen choir sang to us.

The guide-book says that the Festivities 'commence with selections from Handel's oratorio, the "Messiah," followed by supper,' and Mrs. Oglander tells me that mince pies and what Mr. Bayzand calls 'such as that' circulate in the gallery. After supper follow carols, 'the latter terminating with Pearson's setting of the carol known as "In Dulci Jubilo,"' for eight leading voices:

' In dulci jubilo,
Let us our homage show,
Our hearts' Joy reclineth,
In præsepio,
And like a bright star shineth,
Matris in gremio,
Alpha es et O!
Alpha es et O!

O patris caritas !
O Nati lenitas !
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina ;
But Thou hast for us gained
Cœlorum gaudia,
O that we were there !
O that we were there !

Ubi sunt gaudia,
Where, if they be not there ?
There are angels singing
Nova cantica,
There the bells are ringing,
In Regis curia.
O that we were there !
O that we were there !

After the carol there is silence until the clock strikes twelve, ' then the choir, aided by the guests, once more breaks forth into melody, and Pergolesi's "Gloria in Excelsis" closes the musical part of the Christmas Eve festivity.' Then the Magdalen bells ring out above, in their tower, and the Magdalen Grace-cup circulates in the Hall below, and, had we been there, we should all have come home with a Merry Christmas to all our friends and a Happy New Year for all.

Had it been any use to lay plans for being in two places at once I would have planned to spend Christmas in Oxford as well as at Ballinavoy.

John, as usual, is my comfort and support: he it is who prevents me from useless pining and regret. 'Seen sights,' says he, 'are sweet, but, oh believe me! Bridgeteen, those unseen are sweeter.' He believes, he says, in the good old-fashioned remedy of a hair of the dog that bit you, and he prescribes for my complaint 'a course of ancient guide-book.' 'So that you need not confine your yearning after the sights that you cannot see to the present day, but can think of all the sights that you might have seen had you been in Oxford some hundred years ago.'

Then my good husband proceeded to tease me, and as silent men do, he teases to perfection.

'If,' said he, 'you had been here in 1749, you might have gone to the Library of St. John's College, and in a room adjacent to the Library you might have seen various Curiosities, such as are described in a volume by the Rev. John Pointer, called *Oxoniensis Academia: or the Antiquities and Curiosities of the University of Oxford*, "a Letter from a Deaf and Dumb Lady," "Virginian Spiders with Bodies as big as Nutmegs," "Mouth-writing, Toe-writing and Elbow-writing," and above all, Bridget, "a Flea chain'd, a Silver Chain of 30 Links, and but one inch long."

Where now is that Flea? It is useless to seek it at St. John's. How can you bear to stay in a place which once contained so great a curiosity. Let us hence to Ballinavoy and forget that Oxford and all its treasures lies behind us.'

'I will reward you, John,' I replied, 'for having spoken some hundred odd words in succession, a feat which you have not accomplished for many a long day, and which is, I know, a serious effort to you. I will reward you, I repeat, by grumbling no more and by ceasing to cherish any vain regrets.'

'Good girl,' said John, and ceased from talking for several hours after.

Our visit to Queen's was our last formal sight-seeing in Oxford for a whole month to come.

We are waiting just over the Sunday after Term, because it seems best not to compete for places in the trains which are carrying some three thousand young persons in varying directions. Long lines of cabs stand at the College gates, and luggage drays are groaning under the load of bags and book-boxes which the economically-minded despatch by them.

The banks are full of young men who are drawing out money to take them home.

Here, again, one recognises the Freshman, who tries to look as though writing cheques had long been a familiar occupation to him.

The book-shops have been filled for days past with thoughtful Undergraduates who think that their Christmas presents may just as well figure in their general book bills.

'Oh, hang it!' I heard one ingenuous youth say to another, 'what rotters you clever chaps are. What's the use of knowing all about books if you can't tell me what to buy for my aunt?'

How I longed to say, in the interest of the aunt, 'Oh, do not buy that work with the coloured illustrations, descriptive of a country to which she has, probably, no wish to go nor does she want to hear about it.' But even that would have been better than the new commentary on the Psalms which he did ultimately buy for her.

But the place seems to throb with departure, and we too must depart.

HILARY TERM

When I hanker for a statement that is practical and dry
 (Being sated with sensation in excess,
With the vespertinal rumour and the matutinal lie
 Which adorn the lucubrations of the Press),
Then I turn me to the columns where there's nothing to
 attract,
 Or the interest to waken and to whet,
And I revel in a banquet of unmitigated fact
 In the *Oxford University Gazette*.

In that soporific journal you may stupefy the mind
 With the influence narcotic that it draws
From the Latest Information about Scholarships Combined
 Or the contemplated changes in a clause :
Place me somewhere that is far from the *Standard* and the
 Star,
 From the fever and the literary fret,—
And the harassed spirit's balm be the academic calm
 Of the *Oxford University Gazette* !

A. D. GODLEY.

HILARY TERM

WE are back again. I enjoyed the Vacation and our time in Ireland, but I did not know how Oxford held my heart until I found myself turning in under the archway that leads to Holyfields Court. I am so glad to be beginning again my happy life under the shadow of New College tower.

This Term does not give one, of course, quite that wonderful sense of the renewal of life which the opening of a new Academic Year brings with it. Last Term the Freshmen were all as fresh as only Freshers can be. The pleased spectator saw them being brought up and settled in by their attendant relatives. With a singular delight I myself watched them shopping on their own account.

Even in the time of my dear young friend Barrè Roberts of 'The House,' the Freshman took upon himself, for the first time, the cares of housekeeping. Barrè's first letters home are all descriptive of the trouble that he had to get his rooms ready. 'You have

no idea,' says he, 'what trouble I had to get the rascally painter; he came at eight yesterday, as he promised, went away at ten, and had not returned at half-past two, when I ran in a violent rage to the shop, vowed I would have him before the Vice-Chancellor immediately, never pay his bill till a court of justice had decided it, and finally ordered him not to go to the rooms any more, when lo! having stopped at Badcock's five minutes on my return home, on my arrival I found two men hard at work (before there had been but one), so it ended in the man's making sundry apologies, and my giving him a shilling when he had quite done. My carpet is beautiful; I have a piece of floorcloth nailed by the door, and a mat; the paper is very light, and altogether, I never shall desire a better or more handsome sitting-room: the bedroom would certainly be better if it were twice the size.'

As bedrooms were in Barrè's day so they are now, and so, I suppose, they will continue to be.

I have gathered, in the course of my reading, and I trust that I am right in my facts, though I cannot give chapter and verse for them, that the ancient plan was to put two men to sleep in the large room which now has become one man's sitting-room, while

each man studied in the little slip of a room which is now the bedroom.

Your room-mate was called—delightful term!—your chamberdekyn.

Now times and customs are changed, and an Undergraduate's 'bedder,' in the older parts of a College, is a thing to wonder at.

But I have wandered off into talking to you about Freshmen and kindred topics, and what I meant to have discoursed upon was the subject of the lines which I have put at the beginning of this—the second of my green diary books.

Anxious as we are to make the very most of our year in Oxford and to experience to the full every possible sensation with which it can furnish us, we turn, as turns the sun-flower to the sun, to the 'satisfying prose' of the *Oxford University Gazette*.

Here we can see each week what opportunities may be ours in the way of Lectures, University Sermons, and solemn diversions of that kind.

I don't think that there can have been a *Gazette* in your time, for it is but in its infancy, as we reckon things in Oxford, merely at No. 1230, Vol. xxxviii.

But I was mistaken in thinking that the Oxford of your day was without a Calendar.

One of my latest treasures is a copy of the first of the Calendars which was issued in 1810. It is a much thinner and less important-looking volume than my fat maroon Calendar of 1908; it is graced with a little picture of the Camera in its pre-railing days, and it contains much which is of interest to one who is anxious to enjoy not only the Oxford of to-day but the Oxford of a hundred years ago.

I turned its pages eagerly to see whether I could find any traces in them of my Barrè Roberts. Alas! poor dear, here, as elsewhere, ill luck pursued him. Here, in the list of those who took their B.A. degree on November 23rd, 1809, is the name of his great friend, John William Mackie of Ch. Ch., but Barrè himself was then cold in his grave. In one of his letters to Mackie he writes : ' Your kitchen news struck me to the ground with astonishment. As soon as I came to Oxford they altered the statute of examination; as soon as I left they reformed the kitchen. I have undergone the worst of both.'

Now we may add to this : ' As soon as he was dead they started a Calendar.'

But how far from my subject have I not strayed again. My subject was the *Uni-*

versity Gazette, and the object at which I was aiming and on which I meant to discourse to you, was Congregation.

‘You must come,’ said John, ‘one day to Congregation. I will look in the *Gazette* and see when there is going to be something that will interest you.’

So when he came, *Gazette* in hand, one Tuesday, and told me that we must have luncheon early and I must be prepared to start with him for the Congregation House, I felt sure that I was going to be interested.

Now you could not have gone to Congregation, because you were only an Undergraduate, and the way in which the University was governed was not taken to be any concern of yours. Far as the University has advanced since your day it is still far from allowing for any democratic leanings in this direction on the part of its *alumni*.

John, duly arrayed in cap and gown, can go because he is a Member of Convocation, and Convocation is made up of all those Doctors and Masters whose names are on the University books, but he cannot vote in Congregation, because Congregation is composed only of those Members of Convocation who reside within a mile and a half of Carfax. I do not tell you this so much

because I think that it may be unknown to you, as because of my desire to impress it rightly on my own mind.

I was taken, of course, as an intelligent onlooker.

Sometimes the attendance at Congregation is very meagre. The hour is early; for those who live 'in the Parks' do not find it easy to return home to luncheon and to be back at the Congregation House by two o'clock.

To-day, however, there were more people than usual, because a great American Professor was taking an honorary degree.

John brought me in and placed me with my back to the door, on the top row of the hard, narrow benches which were considered luxurious enough for the Graduates of the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Oglander was already sitting there, and when John had put me beside her he joined Mr. Oglander on a seat below.

This was very nice for me, as Mrs. Oglander has been here long enough to know who's who, and she could point out to me who all the people were, and could tell me why, in all probability, they had come.

'The group of smiling ladies on your left,' said she, 'are the pleased relations of the recipient of an honorary D.Sc. You can

always tell a Doctor of Science or Letters from any other kind of Doctor because his gown is of an unforgettable ugliness. Look on the bold but beautiful blend of crimson and scarlet in a D.C.L. gown, and the singular appropriateness and the sombre dignity of the black velvet and scarlet of a D.D., and then turn to the horrid combination of flaring scarlet and cold raw grey which was all that the nineteenth century could invent in colour combinations. Fancy the torment of an artist of sensibility who had to paint a portrait of a Doctor in such a gown.'

Mrs. Oglander told me that it is my duty to buy and send home to you a little book on *The Degree Ceremony* and a complete set of post-cards illustrative of Oxford degrees and their corresponding gowns.

I find myself doing instinctively all that this lady directs me to do; her personality is so compelling as well as so charming, and she seems to have made such a success of her own life, it appears to be foolish not to try and emulate her methods and to follow her advice.

She told me that the reason why Mrs. Bent was in the centre of the group of American friends and relations, was because her husband is one of the leading Philosophers

here; he had, probably, said Mrs. Oglander, taken a prominent part in proposing that a degree should be conferred on the Professor.

Soon there came in other members of the Philosophic Faculty, Professors and teachers. The Doctors, in their scarlet gowns, made effective patches of colour against the panelled walls. These walls were a lovely background, too, for the fair, bright faces and the pretty dresses of the womenfolk.

There came a little stir, and we all stood up when the Vice-Chancellor entered preceded by Bedels with silver maces in their hands, and followed by the Proctors and the Registrar.

Then came the Professor, duly attired in his gown. ('Hired for the occasion, only,' murmured Mrs. Oglander to me.)

He was introduced to the Vice-Chancellor by an already-established Doctor of Letters. His works and his merits were duly eulogised; but the eulogy was all in sonorous Latin, and it was only a word here and there that I was able to understand.

'Do you know what it is all about?' I whispered to Mrs. Oglander.

'No,' said she.

'But you look as if you understood it all,' said I.

‘Eyeglasses,’ said she.

‘Aided by intelligence, surely?’ said I.

‘Not much of it,’ was her answer.

She told me later that she had suffered all her life from being what she called ‘over-expressioned.’ ‘It makes life so much easier,’ she lamented, ‘if you are able to look stupider and not cleverer than you really are, and if your countenance is formed rather for the concealment than for the exhibition of your emotions and moods.’

After the degree was conferred, and when the new Doctor had been greeted by the Vice-Chancellor in a happy phrase, had shaken hands with him, and had been motioned to a seat beside him: when all this was over the House entered upon the serious business of Congregation. Many of the onlookers left, but Mrs. Oglander and I remained, for she was interested in some of the points that were to be discussed, and I am interested in everything.

Other members of Congregation began to drop in, intent on bits of business.

John now handed up to us a copy of the *Gazette*, so that we might be aware of what was going on, for herein the University Agenda for the day are duly set forth.

Some of it, of course, was not entertaining,

except in so far that all detail must interest some one. It was nothing to us that the University Seal should be affixed to the following instrument:—

‘Deed of transfer to the University of £4800 Gas Light and Coke Company’s Three per cent. Debenture Stock, being the endowment of Dr. Wilde’s Lectureship in Natural and Comparative Religion.’

But to some one, no doubt, the matter is of overwhelming importance.

We realised the inwardness of the Poet’s words: ‘The contemplated changes in a clause,’ when we saw that one change was to be made:—

I. In Statt. Tit. III. Sect. iv.

§ 3, cl. 2, B. (4) (p. 40, ed. 1907).

After each proposed change or each piece of fresh business, the consent of Congregation was duly asked: ‘Placetne vobis, Domini, Doctores, placetne vobis, Magistri,’ chanted the Vice-Chancellor, as in duty bound, and the Proctors rose and raised their caps.

So much amiability and single-mindedness was really becoming a little monotonous, and then, quite suddenly, when we thought that everything was going so smoothly and that no one ever meant to oppose anything,

suddenly John looked round at us, and I saw from the glint in his eye that the fun was about to begin, that the fat had really fallen into the fire at last.

The last proposal had seemed to us no more inflammatory than those which had preceded it, but that was only our ignorance, and we soon saw how serious a matter it was. One speaker after another rose, each offering to die in the last ditch if that particular proposal were allowed to pass or not to pass.

It seemed, as far as we ignorant women could gather, to be a battle royal between crabbed age and youth and their different ideals: 'So it is now and so it shall ever be' against the Spirit of the Age.

There was excellent speaking on both sides, but it is not possible to taste the full flavour of jokes and allusions which one does not understand. I am prevented, too, on this account, from sending you a very coherent narrative of what befell; of what, as a matter of fact, they killed each other for. But it was, obviously, a famous victory for some one.

Mr. Oglander was moved to speak at one stage of the proceedings; there was something of the suave sledge-hammer about his style which I thought most effective.

When the speaking was over, the Proctors arose and walked down each side of the room to collect the votes of the House: each held a little slip of paper in his hand on which to record them. 'Placet' or 'Non Placet,' murmured each Member of Congregation in response to the proctorial question.

Then the Proctors returned with their papers, and they compared their lists, and the Senior Proctor thus announced the result.

'Majori parti placet: the numbers are—placets, twenty; non-placets, fifteen.

It is very odd and quaint this mixture of Latin and English. Mrs. Oglander says that she loves to go to Congregation whenever she can spare the time to do so: it always gives her, she says, that wholly delightful sensation of assisting at a ceremony which is carried out nowhere else in exactly the same manner.

As we came away, Mrs. Bent asked us whether we could not come to a tea-party which she and Mr. Bent were giving in the Common Room at Oriel to meet the newly-created Doctor and his wife and family. The Oglanders had already been asked, and John and I accepted with pleasure. It was what Mrs. Oglander described as a 'gathered up' party, that is to say, a party which

grows as it goes along. 'Parties,' said she, 'are of two kinds, those that are given by people who know how to give them, and those that are given by people who don't. The first, of course, is much the smaller category, but both may be almost endlessly subdivided. I could make for you,' said she, 'a Synopsis of Party-giving like that "Synopsis of Drinking, Formed according to the Categories of Aristotle" which you will find at the beginning of *The Art of Pluck*—I suppose you know that amusing work? It is painful to go into the further career of those who give parties without knowing how. Few there are who give parties for the pleasure of giving them, or who ask their guests simply because they wish to see them. But when you do happen to be such a guest at such a party, asked by a host who is acquainted with the real spirit—what my husband would call the ethos—of party-giving, and asked because it gives such a host joy to behold your face—then you will know what Providence intended that parties should be. Do we not all know,' said she, 'that hostess who regards all her guests, having once got through the ceremony of shaking hands with them, with cold inattention? "Have I not asked you to my

party ? ” she would appear to say ; “ what more can you possibly require of me ? ” ’

The consideration of the philosophy of party-giving had occupied us from the door of the Congregation House to our own door. Here Mrs. Oglander parted from me with the promise of calling for me again on the way to Oriel. It was necessary that we should put on our best clothes and make ourselves smart for the party. John, who declared that his attire was as appropriate as it was simple, and who declined entirely to be smartened up by me, was to go for a walk with Mr. Tristram and to join us at Oriel.

‘ Now, can you tell me,’ I said to Mrs. Oglander, as we walked along together, ‘ how it is that there is always something lacking—some element of the picturesque, I mean—about all modern ceremonies ? There was so much that was right about the ceremony that we saw to-day, much that was perfect : how was it that it somehow missed perfection ? ’

‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ it is undoubtedly the trousers. Did you not notice that the upper part of the men was all right enough ? The stiff white collar is certainly a slight blot ; a lover of the picturesque, and by that I mean one who views things as though he

were about to paint them, will almost catch himself wishing that collars were not worn quite so clean. Then comes a fairly inoffensive coat-collar, then the fine drooping lines of the gown and the hood, and the glowing colour of the Doctors' scarlet and crimson. Then, below all this, the trousers, two dreadful oblong pieces of black or grey, or some hideous striped or checked or mixed abomination of the two. Undoubtedly, dear Mrs. Goodenough,' said she, 'it's the trousers as does it.'

'No doubt,' said I, 'you are in this case, as, in all probability, you invariably ^{are} are, quite and exactly right.' And indeed I have but to look in my precious old guide-books to see how right were the lady's comments and conclusions. In Mr. Whittock's guide, I have pictures of charming people, old and young, in dress and undress gowns, all displaying neat feet and perfect calves. The Scholar does certainly wear white trousers and a bright blue coat, but the trouser has a shape and an air about it which is not given to the trouser of the present day. The people of that day, too, were all so beautiful about the neck, with their high collars and folded stocks.

It is easy, I know, to abuse the fashions

of one's time and to see only changes for the worse, but I do venture to hope that man will evolve something more sightly, should he evolve at all in this particular direction.

It is not, as Mrs. Oglander says, that man does not take thought for his clothes ; he may not talk about them quite so much as a woman does, but he does spend care and thought upon them. Why, then, does he not manage to add to the beauty of the landscape instead of detracting from it ?

Discoursing thus we reached the party, and a very pleasant and delightful party it was.

Everybody who was anybody in the Philosophic world was there, and a few besides ourselves who do not belong primarily to that world, though John, as you know, took a first in Greats before he took a first in English Literature, so that he has some claim to be called a Philosopher.

It was at this party that I first met a Rhodes Scholar ; he had been asked because he represented the state from which the newly-made Doctor came.

Many and wonderful as are the developments here since your day, I suppose that the advent of the Rhodes Scholars is more wonderful than any. It is a marvellous thing

to come to pass that the money made by this one man should be spent for ever in bringing these young people from all the quarters of the world to share in the life that he himself valued so highly. It is one of those great conceptions which only a great man is capable of conceiving, and of which it is not possible to foresee the end. It is a commentary on what you always impressed upon me, that Oxford means a certain kind of life more than merely a certain sort of teaching.

I must contrive to see more of these young men. I wonder whether Oxford amazes and interests them as much as it does me ! Lucky creatures they are, to be here for three golden years in the midst of it all, and I only for one short year. They will carry away with them all the freemasonry of Oxford. 'Do you remember how you were up with me in 1908 ?' they will say when they light upon some other Oxford man of their year, and they will go over again with him all the jolly memories of that time.

Incidentally they should serve to widen the horizon of young Oxford and so to help on the world. Even now they have unconsciously served a useful end in extending the geographical knowledge of the authorities : many who never knew before of the existence

of Oklahoma or of North Dakota know of them now, and detailed knowledge of our Colonies grows apace.

After the party John disappeared into Oriel with some crony, and I came away with Mrs. Oglander, for she had to go to a meeting of the Society for providing Happy Homes for Harmless Idiots.

'It's not that I want to go,' she said, 'but if I don't go to their meeting they won't come to mine, and I've got one on next week, so go I must. You had better come with me and that will make one more.'

'Don't they expect a good audience?' said I.

'No,' said she, 'I fear not; it is just like the luck of the Harmless Idiots; they have hit upon a crowded day for their meeting.'

They may not have had luck in their day, but luck in their room they certainly had. They met (by the kind permission of the Warden and Fellows) in the Old Library at All Souls, and I fear that I carried away with me a less vivid impression of the excellent work that is done in Oxford by the S.P.H.I. than of the background of their Oxford meeting-place.

This, I think, is what I find most cause to

envy the inhabitants of Oxford, this access to some of the most perfect and unspoiled of English interiors.

We have all heard the familiar story of the American and the grass plat, but surely the same longing to transfer the untransferable must come over the good American who finds himself sitting in such a room as this.

Now when I write to you about interiors I am led on to tell you of the four interiors which are now most familiar to me here. First, that of our friends the Oglanders in Holywell ; then that of the Bents on Headington Hill ; thirdly, the home of the Enderbys in Paradise Square ; and fourthly, Miss Outhwaite's house in Norham Gardens.

The last shall come first.

I will not ask you to imagine to yourself what the outside of the house is like, because it is very much as other villas are : outside it might be anybody's house ; inside it could be no one's but ' Aunt Camilla's.' Mrs. Outhwaite (for though unmarried she prefers to take what she calls ' brevet rank ') is Mrs. Enderby's aunt. Mrs. Enderby asked us to meet her, and she then came and called upon us. It seems almost an impertinence to describe her, even to you. She is of that good old time when the personality of a lady was

her own private possession, not to be easily described or lightly discussed.

She came to live here because the marriage of her niece brought her, as she would herself express it, 'into agreeable connection with this ancient and great University.' 'Long ago,' she told me, 'I visited the place, but the idea that circumstances should ever arise which would cause me to make my home here was indeed far from my thoughts at that time.'

There is no clipping of words or shortening of sentences in the speech of Aunt Camilla: she has always lived in a world where there was a place for every thing and every one, and where most things, and people, were content to stay in the places where they found themselves. There was always time in such a world to mate thoughts that were worth thinking to suitable and appropriate speech.

The charm of Aunt Camilla is that, wherever she goes, she carries the charm of this world with her.

I cannot give you an inventory of her surroundings, even as I cannot describe her to you in detail. To do so would seem like an indiscretion. I can imagine that she would herself say of such a proceeding that it was 'a trifle indelicate.' She loves to hear

about you, and sometimes, when we are talking about you and of bygone Oxford and of what its appearance may have been like in your time, she will take a miniature from its hook on the wall or from a little table beside her chair, and will say to me, 'This is how my father looked and dressed when he was a young man at the University; your grandfather must have somewhat resembled this when he was here in 1823.'

A delicate Romney and a fine Gainsborough keep her company on her walls, and I often see her glancing from the portraits to Mrs. Enderby and from Mrs. Enderby to her children, to see how many of the family traits she can trace in them. It was for 'Barbara's' sake that she gave up her home in the Dales and went to keep house on the wild west coast of Ireland, when Barbara's mother died. I cannot imagine that Ireland ever quite fitted in with her ideas of the 'thoroughly nice.'

Now that Barbara is married to an Oxford Don she has settled down here in the rôle of grandmother to Barbara's babies.

'The air,' she says, 'is so much purer and fresher up here than it is in that queer house of theirs down in the city; there is always room for the dear children here if Barbara

and Patrick want to go away for a while and to leave them behind.'

I think that the rather unconventional manner in which Barbara and Mr. Enderby first met must have troubled her a little at the time, but it comforted her to find that Mr. Enderby's family is a branch of the Lincolnshire Enderbys, and that his Irish connections are all that they should be.

The young people became known to one another when Barbara and Mrs. Bent were here on a little jaunt of their own, one Long Vacation eight years ago. Providence, having obviously designed them for one another, took the introduction into its own hands; to Miss Outhwaite it would have seemed more altogether right that her niece's marriage should have been a matter of arrangement between the two families most nearly concerned.

But, conventional though she is, she is wonderfully open to new ideas, she is so splendidly interested in everything, so anxious to view all things from the human side.

I find in her a mine of reference for the differences between Oxford of the middle nineteenth century and Oxford of to-day, and she is one of those most blessed people

who have time to sit down quietly and to talk.

‘I fail to comprehend,’ says she, ‘this passion for perpetual excitement and amusement which has seized upon all the young people. I should be sorry, my dear, to cast any doubts upon the genuine philanthropic instincts of the young people of the present day, but really I can only describe a good deal of what they do as *fuss*. In my young days it was considered quite the right and proper thing to go about among the lower orders and to help your poorer neighbours by any means that lay in your power, but this multiplication of societies and all this agitation for legislation, I confess that it alarms and confuses me.’

Of some subjects, of course, we never speak.

The idea of mentioning such things as Socialism or the Suffrage in Mrs. Outhwaite’s drawing-room would hardly enter the head of the least discriminating of younger Dons or the boldest of Undergraduates. There is something in the atmosphere which would give them pause; such talk would seem as improper and out of place as would a litter of cigarette ash upon the dainty chintzes which cover her chairs and sofas.

The Don of the days when Aunt Camilla first knew Oxford—she came to pay a stately visit to the Head of a House, long since deceased—was indeed a different creature to the Don of the present day.

He was stately, he was dignified; he knew what port wine at its best could be, and he made it his business to see that with such wine the college cellars were filled. A long life of dignified ease lay before him, unless he chose to change it for the doubtful joys of matrimony and a College living. How different he was to the active, bustling, competent outcome of the examination system, which is the Don of the present day.

Much as her Aunt Camilla loves Barbara, and I believe she genuinely loves her husband too, she deploras their democratic tendencies and their other 'odd ways.' She is too wise, for the sake of her own peace of mind, to inquire very closely into all their doings, but she shakes her head and says that she fears that Mr. Enderby is 'a sad radical,' and that dear Barbara is nearly as bad as he.

Their house in Paradise Square is certainly one in which you never know whom you may meet; champions of lost causes, or prophets of causes which are yet to be.

We, you may be sure, enjoy it, but I can well imagine that it may be startling to a *grande dame* of the Aunt Camilla type.

Barbara told me that there was a great meeting once in their drawing-room between her aunt and Mr. Musgrave the well-known Labour leader.

It passed off much better than the most sanguine could have expected it to do. Fortunately, both were possessed of the grand manner—it is only, John says, the middle classes who have entirely discarded the use of the grand manner—and it carried them triumphantly over all the pitfalls that lay on each side of them in such an interview. They conversed together about the people of the Dales—Mr. Musgrave himself is a Dalesman—they discoursed of their inter-marriages and their other doings. They talked about Ruskin (with a wise avoidance of all reference to his economic views). Aunt Camilla told of her attendance at his lectures here, and of her meeting with him when staying with friends in the Lakes.

‘Ay, ay,’ said Mr. Musgrave, ‘you beheld him, you say, ma’am, with your own eyes, you held his hand, and spoke with him; ay, ’tis wonderful :

“Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!”

‘I did not quite catch what it was that you said,’ returned Aunt Camilla. ‘I am becoming, I greatly fear, a trifle deaf. Was it a quotation? I did not recognise the lines.’

‘Pardon me, ma’am,’ said Mr. Musgrave, ‘I was quoting from Browning.’

‘Ah! Browning,’ said Aunt Camilla, ‘a pleasant, well-bred man, but what a pity that he wrote in such a rough and such an ambiguous manner, how different to the beautiful flow of thought and imagery that we find in Tennyson. You are fond of poetry, Mr. Musgrave?’

And on the surer note of a mutual love of Wordsworth they conversed until the end of their interview.

Except for the strange company to be found there, Paradise House is an admirable background for Aunt Camilla. It has panelled walls and moulded ceilings and an air of bygone stateliness and peace about it, a flavour of those older days before the hurry and the rush which she so greatly contemns and deplores. It had been the object of Barbara’s love from the time when she first

set her eyes on it eight years ago. When Mr. Enderby wants to tease her he tells her that he will always believe that he owes her acceptance of him to the strong desire that was in her to pass her days in Paradise House. She and Mrs. Bent, then a Miss Brown, came upon it, as Mr. Bayzand so beautifully says, 'unbeknownst' in the course of their first walk in Oxford.

Barbara will not allow that there is anything to be said in dispraise of her chosen abode. If anything in disparagement of it is so much as hinted at she rises in defence of her household and its gods.

'Which among any of you,' says she, 'has a mulberry-tree in her garden, not to speak of a fragment of ancient wall? Who amongst you, in your commodious villa residences, can compete in convenience of situation with us? Do you,' she continues, warming to her subject, 'live amongst folk who will execute repairs for you "Neat, Quick, and Cheap"? Do you live at the very heart of Oxford and yet with such a foreign flavour? Can any of you send out at any moment for fried fish in winter and ice cream in its season? Or, should your husbands want a complete suit at five and eleven, can you buy one round the corner for them? Do any of you, I ask,

live at the end of the Lane of The Seven Deadly Sins ? ’

The proper answer to this last flight is, ‘No, we don’t, because there is no such lane.’ But it is the delight of this dear Barbara’s heart to bring her diatribe in the defence of the situation of her beloved home to an effective end, and what Irishwoman would be balked of such an ending by the cold fact that the street has been called by the decent name of New Inn Hall Street for many a century past ?

Barbara’s friend, Mrs. Bent, lives some way out of the city up a little hill. Her one little girl is not very strong, and Oxford did not agree with her. It is not a climate that does agree with every one.

‘What a mercy,’ says Mrs. Oglander, ‘that it doesn’t, or the whole world would come and live here with us, and where should we be then ? ’

The people who live on the edge of Headington Hill may be said to be making the best of both worlds. They are within the University radius—one and a half miles from Carfax at the centre of Oxford—and yet they are on a hill and, more or less, in the country.

It is very pleasant and healthy for them,



MAGDALEN TOWER

and, I think, still more agreeable for their friends. What can be more delightful than to walk out to see them through Mesopotamia—did Mesopotamia exist in your time, I wonder? We always pause a little and lean on the bridges under which the water from a backwater rushes into the main stream.

In this fortunate place even the joy of the sound of falling water is not to be denied to those who love it and who might feel lonely without it.

At the first bridge the water comes rushing, at all times noisily and in flood-time tumultuously; when it reaches the stream it spreads out into a deep pool. Across the pool and the willow-bordered meadow beyond it those who lean upon the bridge see the tower of Magdalen amongst the trees.

The further bridge is by the King's Mill—and when anything here is 'the King's' it has nearly always some memories of Charles the First about it; here the water running through the sluice is of a deep, delightful green.

These things make us linger before we climb the little hill to Headington. On the top of the hill is all that remains of Joe Pullen's tree; and it is you that should know all about Joe Pullen, for was he not of

Magdalen Hall? Here we have to pause and look back upon Oxford, and watch the other pilgrims who may have been faring up the path behind us. Then we pursue our way along the road on the crown of the hill, and again there is a gate which must be leant upon if one is to enjoy the view of spires and towers and bossy elms. One cannot see from here the girdling waters. It is not to be lightly bustled through, this process of reaching the home of the Bents.

When one does reach it there is always a warm welcome. When it is cold and sunless we are gathered round a great fire in a cheerful sitting-room, and when it is warm we sit and talk on a wide loggia which catches and keeps any sun that there may be, and from whence we can feast our eyes upon the view of the lovely city. Over the deep fireplace, and let into a panel on the wall of the loggia, there is the Bents' house motto. John says that it is a passage from the *Odyssey*, and that you will know it, so I send it to you as it stands.

οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρείσσον καὶ ἄρειον,
ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νόήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
ἀνὴρ ἡδὲ γυνή.

Glorious talks we have had here, on the loggia or before the fire. Mrs. Bent is pos-

sessed, here on her hill, of a more ample leisure than is the lot of the busy University ladies down in the city. She has time, like me, to dig and delve into bygone things, and she, too, spends happy hours in the libraries.

It was by her fireside that I sought for light upon the little problem that has been worrying me.

‘Who,’ said I, when we were all at tea one day, ‘who wrote *The Whole Duty of Man*?’

Varying answers rose from those who sat round the fire.

‘Oh, every one knows that!’ ‘Ask another.’ ‘Why do you want to know?’ ‘Does it really matter?’

‘Yes,’ said I, answering them all at once, ‘I want to know because I do want to know, and because every one doesn’t know, and because it really does matter dreadfully.’

And then I told them how I had happened, at the Camera, upon a book of great delight, *Memoirs of several Learned Ladies of Great Britain, who have been celebrated for their writings or skill in the learned languages, arts and sciences*, by George Ballard, of Magd. Coll. Oxon. Now one of Mr. Ballard’s Learned Ladies was a seventeenth-century Lady Pakington, and many and cogent are

the arguments which Mr. Ballard brings forward to prove that it was she who wrote *The Whole Duty of Man*.

Certainly it had never entered my head before to trouble one way or the other as to the authorship, but now it seemed to be of first-rate importance that I should know. It seems to matter to me almost as much as it did to Mr. George Ballard in seventeen hundred and fifty-four.

‘For one thing, you know,’ I said to Mrs. Oglander, who is a sturdy champion of her own sex, ‘the great argument that was used to prove that Lady Pakington was not the author was, “That there was a whole body of learning shown in those treatises—therefore no woman could be the writer of them.”’

‘But what a goose she must have been,’ said another voice, ‘not to say that she did if she did, and make an end of all the fuss.’

Now this voice belonged to one of a very anti-woman school of thought, so I said: ‘It was her beautiful modesty. She did not like to appear to be as clever as a man.’

‘Undershaw would tell you,’ said Mr. Tristram; ‘he knows all that there is to know about the seventeenth century.’

That is the great advantage of living here, there is always some one who knows all that there is to know about any given subject. I must try to scrape acquaintance with Undershaw, and perhaps I shall get my modest question answered.

It was on the loggia that we discoursed one day on the advantages and disadvantages of life in Oxford: a talk this in which Mrs. Oglander took a leading part.

‘Infinite variety and entertainment,’ said she, ‘await the intelligent female observer; if she is truly intelligent she will expect, of course, some resulting fatigue. I once met a very clever man—some people call him the cleverest man in London—and he asked me whether I did not find it dull living in Oxford. This shows how very unintelligent a truly great man can be. Unless, possibly, he meant “how dull you are,” but I should not like to have to think that I am really dull and that he was rude.’

‘No, no,’ said we all, ‘certainly not.’

‘I suppose,’ said I, ‘that you do see a great many of the truly great here—Lights of Learning and other Lights? that must, surely, be one of your chiefest blessings.’

‘It is indeed,’ answered Mrs. Bent; ‘sooner or later, for one reason or another,

every one who is any one comes to Oxford. It is wonderfully interesting to see and, sometimes, to hear them.'

'Ah!' said Mrs. Oglander, 'that's what you must rather miss sometimes up here: now down below there, when we have some luminary coming to stay with us, we can send a fiery cross round to all the suitable neighbours, saying, "Come and revel in our house to-night, for a great man will be talking there.'"

'And tiredness, I take it,' I pursued, 'is the obverse of your shield?'

'Tiredness there certainly is, but is there not all Vacation to rest in?'

'Extension,' said Mr. Ferrers-Smith with some asperity.

'Congresses,' murmured Mr. Tristram, in a tone of gentle complaint.

'Foreigners,' said another.

'Colonials, perhaps?' said I.

But Mrs. Oglander would not allow that any of these were serious drawbacks.

'The Extension,' said she, 'comes but once in two years, not always that, and it only lasts for one month out of four. Foreigners are good for us, and they never stay very long, and you need not be bothered with them if you don't want to or your languages

are shaky.' Congresses, she owned, are rather serious items.

'They are like charities,' said she, 'or babies: every one thinks that his or her Congress is the only one worth mentioning.' They produce, too, apparently, wherever they are found, or attract to the places where they go, a fearsome creature whom Mrs. Oglander has christened 'a crankibore.'

'Oh, why should we be butchered to make an Oxford Holiday for six-and-thirty crankibores?' said Mr. Tristram. 'They may amuse you, Mrs. Oglander, but, believe me, they are death to me.'

(Mr. Tristram, I find, is not afraid of ladies in battalions, or of single specimens when he is accustomed to them. It is only the strange ones that he suspects of being ready to bite.)

But Mrs. Oglander stuck to her point that the Long Vacation is, in spite of all impediments, a time of peace.

'Give me,' said she, 'the Long Vacation to rest in and shorter vacations to play about in, and I will reward you by going on for ever—or nearly for ever.'

'Hear! hear!' we cried in chorus.

'Let me be here,' she went on, 'when everybody has gone; when only tourists wander along the quiet streets; when the

sight of an Undergraduate would give you uncanny creeps.'

Not in all the world, she assured us, is there a more melancholy sight than that of an Undergraduate who has somehow drifted here 'in the Dead of the Long.' She described such an one as she saw him stand, desolate and forlorn, on the edge of the High Street pavement.

'Where,' he seemed to say, 'where is all the rest of me?' and echo answered, 'Where?'

My chief remembrance of the Oglanders' own house will be of an evening interior.

I shall see again a long room with panelled walls painted white. There are two deep mullioned windows, one of them is high and there is a little flight of steps up into the window-seat. Here both John and I have been made right welcome, and many a pleasant hour have we both passed together there. To me it has become almost as familiar as my own little home. It is here that I retreat on those occasions, foretold by Mrs. Oglander, when John is summoned to some purely male entertainment—to dine with some old friend in Hall, or to read a paper to some society. Here I find myself sometimes alone with Mrs. Oglander, whose husband is also

dining in Hall and teaching or working after. Sometimes we dine in company with other wives who ought to be lone and lorn, but are not so.

Now and again I find the drawing-room full of people, and then I know that I am assisting at a meeting of the G.S.P. This is what Mrs. Oglander calls an S.S. or Secret Society.

‘We miscall it,’ she says, ‘by all the names that least describe it. We do this on the same principle which causes a Hindu mother to avert the evil eye by decrying the charms of her child. G.S.P. means the Guild of Superior Persons: you have only to belong to it to see how undescriptive a title that is.’

‘Can I then belong to it?’ said I.

‘Of course you can,’ said she; ‘there is but one condition of membership, and that is a lack of Superiority.’

‘I am glad that I am free in your eyes of so great a vice,’ said I.

‘You have much to be thankful for,’ said she.

‘And what do you do at your meetings?’ I asked.

‘You don’t *do* anything, the whole thing is negative. What you must *not* do is to talk either “shop” or gossip. Barring these two

subjects, any one who talks at all is bound to talk of something interesting.'

'And are there then no rules as to what you shall talk about?'

'None. Now and again a member will write to the hostess of the evening and will tell her that he or she has been reading something peculiarly delightful, so delightful that it is impossible to keep it to himself. Then the hostess calls a meeting, the reader of the delightful book comes, he reads from the book and tries to communicate some of his delight in it to the other members. We call these meetings S.G.M. or Stated General Meetings, because they are nothing of the kind.'

'Only books?' said I.

'Oh no,' said she, 'music and pictures too, only you know well that it is not so easy to describe a work of art as it is to read extracts from a book, and to how few it is given to interpret the music in which they have been delighting.'

'Then it really is a talking society?'

'Well if you like, with what I will venture to call your colonial frankness, to put it so, I suppose it really is. And why not? Is there anything so delightful as a real talk?—a talk to which every one can contribute

something? No doubt, *tête-à-tête* talking is the most delightful of any when the heads can choose one another's company and each head has something in it. But what,' said she, warming to her subject, 'can be more utterly dull and uninspiring than the usual after-dinner *tête-à-tête*? What chance does the ordinary hard-working person get of good talking? Can any sane person expect to get a chance of a real talk at an At Home, even if one is prepared to grant that such festivals are attended by the wholly sane? Is it once in a blue moon that you sit at dinner next to the person that you want to talk to, or who has anything to say to you? When you so rashly and flippantly called our dear G.S.P. a Talking Society, did you not perhaps hit the right nail on the head, and thus describe one of the most badly needed institutions of the present day?'

Delightful times, indeed, I have enjoyed with the G.S.P. John came one night on the distinct understanding that he might read to us—you remember how beautifully he reads?—and then keep silence if he chose.

He read to us from some of our Canadian poets, and then Mr. Tristram read from the Irish poets. Afterwards the talk began.

When one sets out to talk with Canada and Ireland as starting points who can chronicle the ensuing talk or forecast its end?

Now and again we have had a lighter touch. I remember the time when some one—it may have been myself—accused Mrs. Oglander of wooing the Comic Muse. She owned to an unrequited passion for that lady, but she said that there was some strange fate, some malevolent fairy godmother, by whose influence she was always stopped from writing more than two lines of any stanza, or more than one stanza of any projected poem. There was something which haunted me about the lines that she did consent to confide in us, from a projected monody (in the style of Mrs. Leo Hunter) ‘On a Bachelor Fellow in College’:

‘Pensive and desolate he sat
Within his lonely lair,
No wife had he to hold his hand
Or smooth his rumpled hair.’

This was sheer frivolity, but the G.S.P. exists partly for the cultivation and encouragement of a healthy frivolity.

‘For of all things,’ says its foundress, ‘frivolity is the most wholesome and the least harmless of medicines for the mind. Like

other medicines, it should, of course, only be taken sparingly and under doctor's orders. It is, used in the form of judicious banter, the only known remedy for conceit.'

Sometimes we found amongst us a born story-teller—for, in this much-occupied place, there was seldom, if ever, a complete attendance. When he came we sat spellbound while he told us stories which were, as my dear Doctor Plot puts it, 'as true as the Doctrine of Triangles and the Best Information could make them.'

It was to the G.S.P. that I brought the news of some of my finds at the Camera. Naturally they were not finds at all to many of them, and I got here all sorts of new and agreeable lights on the dark places in my tiny researches.

One who is versed in seventeenth-century literature strove to convince me that it was some one called Allestree and not Lady Pakington who wrote *The Whole Duty of Man*; but if a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still, how much more likely is an ignorant woman to cling to that which she desires to believe?

But the seventeenth-century scholar forgave me and told me many things about some of the other learned ladies of whom George

Ballard writes. It is impossible to know too much about that Mrs. Elizabeth Bury who 'often diverted herself with philology, philosophy, history ancient and modern; sometimes with musick vocal and instrumental; sometimes with heraldry, globes and mathematicks; sometimes with learning the French tongue (chiefly for conversing with French Refugees, to whom she was an uncommon benefactress), but especially in perfecting herself in Hebrew, which by long application and practice she had rendered so familiar and easy to her as frequently to quote the original in common conversation when the true meaning of some particular texts of Scripture depended on it. Another study she took much pleasure in was Anatomy and Medicine, being led and prompted to it by her own ill-health, and partly from a desire of being useful among her neighbours.'

She was so modest, too, for—'She would always confess and bewail her own ignorance and that she knew little in comparison of what others did or what she ought to have known in any of these matters. She would often regret that so many learned men should be so uncharitable to her sex as to speak so little in their mother tongue, and be so loath to assist their feebler faculties. When they

were in any wise disposed to an accurate search into things curious or profitable, as well as others ; especially (as she often argued) since they would all so readily own that souls were not distinguished by sexes. And therefore she thought that it would have been an honourable pity in them to have offered something in condescension to their capacities.'

'Isn't the Woman Question barred?' said some one. 'We can't have this insidiousity at the G.S.P.'

'Oh,' said the Historian, 'Mrs. Bury was but as water unto wine in that respect, compared to what Mrs. Goodenough has up her sleeve for you. Have you brought us any of Mary Astell, Mrs. Goodenough?'

'Surely, yes,' said I.

And I read :

'The learning and knowledge which she gained, together with her great benevolence and generosity of temper, taught her to observe and lament the loss of it in those of her own sex : the want of which, as she justly observed, was the principal cause of their plunging themselves into so many follies and inconveniences.'

'That is what an Undergraduate would call "a poke in the eye" for you,' said the Anti-Suffragist to the Historian.

‘Listen,’ said I, ‘how she strove to improve her sex. She wrote “A serious proposal to the Ladies—Part the Second: Wherein a method is offered for the improvement of their minds.” See, too,’ I continued, ‘how all the good that she tried to do was frustrated and brought to nought by a man: “The scheme given in her proposal seemed so reasonable, and wrought so far upon a certain Great Lady that she had designed to give ten thousand pounds towards erecting a sort of college for the education and improvement of the female sex: and as a retreat for those ladies who, nauseating the parade of the world, might here find a happy recess from the noise and hurry of it. But this design coming to the ears of Bishop Burnet he immediately went to that Lady, and so powerfully remonstrated against it, telling her it would look like preparing a way for Popish Orders, that it would be reputed a Nunnery, etc., that he utterly frustrated the noble design.”’

‘How low!’ said the Somerville Tutor, ‘how unspeakably narrow-minded and mean! We might have been founded with all that money. How useful it would be now.’

‘She suffered much from the other sex,’ said I; ‘she published all her works anony-

mously, "being extremely fond of obscurity, which she courted and doated on beyond all earthly blessings; and was as ambitious to slide gently through the world, without so much as being seen and taken notice of, as others are to bustle and make a figure in it," but "notwithstanding her great care to conceal herself, her name was soon discovered and made known to several learned persons, whose restless curiosity would otherwise hardly have been satisfied."'

'There is no evidence,' said the Anti-Suffragist, 'that those restlessly curious persons were men.'

'They were said to be learned,' said the Somerville Tutor.

'She wrote also,' I read, "'An Essay in defence of the Female Sex. In a Letter to a Lady, Written by a Lady.'" But what I think I love best in Ballard's life of her is the account of her little traits. She was an early exponent of "the Simple Life," for we read that "She would live like a Hermit, for a considerable time together, upon a crust of bread and water with a little small beer. And at the time of her highest living (when she was at home) she very rarely ate any dinner till night, and then it was by the strictest rules of temperance. Abstinence,

she would say, "was her best Physick." And is not this a charming little story of her? "But tho' we see not any product of her studies during this time, it is certain she was as intent as possible on the prosecution of them: and was so far devoted to them that (as I have been informed by a relation of hers), when she has accidentally seen needless visitors coming, whom she knew to be incapable of discoursing upon any useful subject, but to come for the sake of a chatt or tattle, she would look out at the window, and jestingly tell them (as Cato did Nasica), 'Mrs. Astell is not at home' and in good earnest keep them out, not suffering such triflers to make inroads upon her more serious hours."'

'A sensible woman indeed,' said Mrs. Oglander. 'Don't I wish that I dared to adopt this simple method of excluding those who come to "chatt and tattle" when I want to be doing other things. Why cannot I do as Cato and Mrs. Mary Astell did?'

'Why not indeed!' said we all; 'tis but a little moral courage that is needed; don't be outdone in that by any seventeenth-century blue-stocking.'

'Ah!' said the Historian, 'but Mrs. Good-enough has set before you only the strong-

minded side of Mary Astell : tell them, Mrs. Goodenough, where lay her little weakness.'

So I read :

'In the year 1700 she drew up and published a book intitled *Reflections on Marriage*. Some people think she has carried her argument with regard to the birthright and privileges of her sex a little too far ; and that there is too much warmth of temper discovered in the treatise. But if these persons had known the motive which induced her to write that tract, it might possibly have abated very much of their censure.'

'And the note ? ' said the Historian.

'The note runs thus :

' " The motive, as I have been informed, was her disappointment in a marriage contract with an eminent clergyman. " '

'O faithless man of God,' said the irreverent Historian.

It is thus, then, that I shall chiefly remember the Oglander house. The long low room, full alternately of a pleasant dimness and of the soft light of oil lamps ; the company just large enough to be gathered in an informal circle. I shall see the charming, white-robed figure of Mrs. Oglander herself, perched on her favourite window-seat, a little above the

room; thence her eye can roam over her guests and she can see when coffee cups need refilling or when the cake plates should go round again.

I shall hear again all the gay, bright talk, the low voices, and the pleasant sound of laughter.

Sometimes, instead of having me with her when we are both left alone, Mrs. Oglander will come and dine with me.

It was on these occasions that Mr. Bayzand would rise to great heights, justifying what Mr. Tristram once said to me of scouts, or those who have been scouts, 'Nothing is ever impossible to them, there is no such word in their vocabulary.'

He would bring up to us the most delightful little dinners, and he would serve them with the air of one who waits upon the lightest wish of a Princess. And indeed I think that, in Mr. Bayzand's eyes, no Princess is really equal in importance to the wife of a member of Sempitern. 'The College' has no equal and no rival in the affections of its faithful servant, and any one who has any connection with 'the Old Place' is worthy of the best that Mr. Bayzand can do for him or her.

Sometimes my friend and I would spend our evening in work and talk, sometimes we would fare forth together. Once Mrs. Oglander took me to the Ladies' Musical Society, which meets every fortnight during the Term, and once we sat together in a gallery and listened to the after-dinner speeches at a Palmerston Club dinner to which John was invited. This was an interesting but a very smoky performance. I was glad to hear the Cabinet Minister, who addressed the members of the Club and their guests, and I will bring you a report of his speech and go over it with you, so that you may seem to be hearing it yourself, but my chief interest, my main interest here, was in hearing and seeing the Undergraduate hosts.

I was astonished at the composure even more than at the eloquence of these young people : it must be wonderful to be at once so young and so sure of yourself.

I was destined to be even more astonished when I went with Mrs. Oglander to the gallery of the Union and listened to a debate there. The subject of the debate was a bill which is now before the House of Commons, and we were all quite as serious over it as though we were attending a sitting of the House itself.

Did you, I wonder, belong to the Union? One of the countless questions this that I shall have to ask you when I return. Why did not you keep a diary when you were here? I am beginning to be of opinion that it is a duty which each dweller in Oxford owes to those who come after him.

But never, I fear, will the ordinary Undergraduate pause and reflect upon what he can do for the entertainment of his possible grandchildren. If this should ever meet the eye of what Mr. Bayzand calls 'a extray-ordinary young gentleman' I do earnestly beg of him to buy a book at once and start a diary.

But to return to the Union.

Now you must have seen the beginning and the end of the 'United Debating Society,' which came into existence in the year 1823.

I will quote to you from 'The Rules and Regulations of the Oxford Union Society':

'The United Debating Society existed for less than three years; in the end of 1825, its leader found that their discussions were marred by the "boyish folly" of some of its number, and for the purpose of excluding these "turbulent members," the Society, on the third December 1825, dissolved itself. It was immediately re-constituted as the

Oxford Union Society, and its first public meeting was held "in one of the low-browed rooms of Christ Church," on the summons of Donald Maclean of Balliol, who had been the first President of what may be called the Parent Society. From the date of this meeting (December 5th, 1825), the Union Society has had a continuous existence.'

So you see that I am attending the deliberations of no unhistorical assembly. Here is a story of Mr. Gladstone for you :

'On November 11th, 1830, W. E. Gladstone, Christ Church, who was then Secretary, moved that "The administration of the Duke of Wellington is undeserving of the confidence of the country." The minute of the meeting is in Mr. Gladstone's hand-writing, and it reads "The House then divided, when the President announced that the motion was carried by a majority of *one*. (Tremendous Cheering)." There is an obvious mark of an erasure, and a careful examination revealed the fact that the words originally were "Tremendous cheering from the majority of one." Three weeks later, Mr. Gladstone, now President, took the opportunity "of condemning the practice which some honourable gentlemen had lately adopted, of defacing the records of the Society."'

Possibly it will be my privilege to look down upon some Gladstone of the future seated in the President's chair.

The President of the Union is no nonentity. 'The President is the sole interpreter of the Rules of the Society. He shall have power to decide when Term and Vacation begin and end for the purposes of these rules, save in those matters which concern the Treasurers' department. His interpretation of any Rule shall not be questioned, except by way of appeal.'

Even I and Mrs. Oglander shall be under his control for to-night, for under Rule LIV., 'The President may order all Strangers to withdraw at any time during Debate, or before putting the Question, if he deems it necessary for the preservation of order.'

It behoves us, therefore, to behave with great seemliness up in the gallery.

There was no gallery in your day, no fringe of faces fair, or otherwise, hung in mid-air above the speakers. Had the ladies wished to go there would have been no gallery for them to go to. The present debating hall was built only in 1878.

It was very delightful up there in the gallery, as we took our bird's-eye view of the politically-minded youth of England under-

neath. Rows of cross benches held—on the right the Conservatives, on the left the Liberals of Young Oxford.

Most of the costumes worn were decidedly negligent, and many of the much-displayed boots were at the end of their days of service ; but the officers, when they appeared, were beautifully attired, even to white waistcoats. They walked in a dignified manner to a dais at the upper end of the Hall, and sat upon three chairs of dignity ; in the middle, the President, on his left the Junior Treasurer, on his right the Librarian, while at his feet sat the Secretary at a large table.

The Secretary read the minutes, the President gave out a list of some official notices, and the Librarian read a list of the newest additions to the Library. Some of these were received with applause, some in silence. Then the House proceeded to Private Business, and most of this consisted in attempts, more or less successful, to 'rag' the officers.

Much of this turned, naturally, upon incidents and jokes which passed our comprehension : allusions to habits on the part of the officers with which we were unacquainted, and chiefly relative, or supposed to be 'relative to the discharge of their official duties.' Some of the sallies were evidently

very redolent of wit for those who were familiar with the source of it. The officers maintained an impressive passivity and dignity of demeanour. The cold 'Yes, sir,' of the President, and the ready 'I believe so, sir,' of the Junior Treasurer, repressed such giddy exuberance.

After this was over the House proceeded to 'Public Business,' and the serious debate began. How I wished that you had been beside me to counteract my fatal habit of always agreeing with the last speaker. They were so dreadfully persuasive, and each was so sure of his own case, and all of them brought such a complete battery of facts to bear in support of his own argument!

There are four set speakers 'on the paper'—the papers with the subject of debate and the names are duly supplied to the gallery; after they have spoken comes the chance for the lesser lights and the totally untried to show what they can do. When their efforts were ended, the vote was taken, announced from the chair, was duly cheered, and then we all trooped out.

It was Maurice Lynch, politely anxious to provide me with some form of amusement that I was capable of appreciating, who sent me the tickets for the gallery. He kindly

came up towards the end of the debate to see how we were getting on.

I do not fancy that he often widens his own outlook after this fashion, but on this occasion the fourth speaker was a Merton man, and patriotic feeling as well as what we hoped was the pleasure of looking after us, brought the good Maurice to spend a profitable evening at the Union.

He thought his own man 'most awfully good,' as in duty bound to do, and the others 'most awful rotters.' On the subject of the debate he professed an open indifference. Politics he considered to be altogether too 'mouldy' a subject to occupy the mind of any cheerful young person like himself. What, I fear, had really amused him had been the foolish question, 'Will woman be kept in her proper sphere under Socialism?' which some seeker after a bubble reputation for wit had put to one of the speakers. On this point I delivered him over to Mrs. Oglander that she might show him the error of his little ways.

However, he forgave me, and asked me whether I would come to tea with him 'One day when the Toggers are on.'

I tried not to be too much pleased with my own intelligence in knowing that he was

inviting me to take tea with him while the Torpid races were being rowed.

Now here I trust that I may be able to witness a sport which I really can understand, and that I may be kept from making a figure of fun of myself as I did at the Association Football Match. Did I, I wonder, ever chronicle the fact for you that Sempitern was triumphant in the Finals for the 'Soccer Cup Tie'? I may have omitted this really serious piece of news in the bustle of preparing for departure at the end of last Term. I did not venture to go again to the ground, but I hung anxiously about the College lodge until the news of victory arrived, and then rushed home to tea and to the expectant sympathy of Mr. Bayzand.

I do not think that Oxford people always understand the difficulties of the strangers within their doors. Anxious as I was to be quite familiar with boat-racing and to know a Torpid when I saw one, I asked John what kind of race a Torpid race might be.

'They are bumping races,' said he.

'Bumping!' said I, 'who bumps which and what for?'

But John only said, 'Wait and you will see'; and no one has told me why they are called Torpids, chiefly, I daresay, because

I am too conceited to ask. Don't you remember some one's recipe for getting an answer to all questions? It was to have an acknowledged fool always about who would ask the questions that the wise folk would not ask in case they should be taken for fools. I often wish that I had such a familiar fool.

John, however, was better than his word, for he took me down one day to the Sempitern barge to watch the crews practising for the races. It was a glorious day, and I sat upon the top of the barge in great content while John went below to talk over reminiscences with the old waterman. I saw the University Eight setting out from their barge and going down the stream with a beautiful swinging stroke; on the further bank their coaches rode along, ready to coach.

I watched with the deepest interest what I proudly call 'our own crew,' setting out in our own boat from our own barge, damping the little mats upon which they were to sit, and settling down into their long, narrow craft.

How different all this must be from anything that you can remember. I have seen a picture of the Christ Church crew of 1830 rowing in what the Undergraduate of to-day

would call 'a tub,' wearing white trousers on their legs and tall hats upon their heads. Now they wear nothing on their heads and their legs are clad in what Aunt Camilla calls 'abbreviated trousers.' It is said that in America these things are worn still shorter, but that seems hardly credible or possible.

It was such a spirited scene: such a pageant of youth and vigour and happy strength. The water plashed and gurgled against the raft; the sun shone divinely on the greenest of grass. Looking through the tree trunks on the near bank I could see men in training running hard along the path and relieved against the intense green of the meadow beyond. Across the river those who were coaching the 'Varsity Eight rode down the towpath on their horses; vigorous people on bicycles shouted directions or abuse of their style at the crews who were out practising. Again beyond these I could see a football match in full swing, and beyond that was the Abingdon road—the road where my poor young Barrè Roberts took his painful riding exercise—and still beyond that were the low green hills which shut in Oxford.

'Torpids,' I said to John when he came up to join me on the top, 'are, I think, a very pleasant part of my Oxford education.'



A BACKWATER ON THE LOWER RIVER

But this was a very different scene from that which I enjoyed when I went with Maurice Lynch on to the Merton barge.

We fixed upon the last day but one as the most suitable for this entertainment. Other days brought invitations to other barges, and the first day and the last I reserved for 'my own barge.'

I find that my 'College feeling' rises high on such an occasion as this, and I should think it barely decent to go upon any barge the boat of which had bumped or was likely to be bumped by my own boat. The situation would be altogether too delicate a one. How could I shout 'Sempitern! Sempitern!' while I stood upon the roof of those whom Sempitern was 'after and likely to catch'?

It must, I think, be very trying for those younger Dons, who have left the College which sheltered their youth and have started in life as official Fellows of some other foundation. Imagine to yourself such a painful situation (and it is one that may quite reasonably occur) as that the boat of the second College should be chasing that of the first! To which boat should the shouts of that young man rightfully belong?

You see, dear, the Torpids are not, as they might appear to the unthinking to be,

matters of no moment. I will quote to you from a serious article in that serious publication, the *Oxford Magazine*: 'This year's Torpids, besides promising some good racing, are very encouraging from the point of view of Oxford rowing, which must necessarily depend on them as its nursery. In appearance the crews are rather above the average all through, and the times which leak out show a corresponding improvement, while a record entry is always a good sign. It is perhaps not too much to say that this may be partly traced to the interest aroused, and instructions given, by Dr. Warre's lecture last year to Captains and others. In it he laid great stress on the underlying principles of rowing, and the necessity of coaches thinking for themselves, instead of for ever repeating boring and inapt parrot cries.'

After this there follows a serious detailed criticism of each boat and its capabilities and chances, so you will see that it is quite necessary to approach the Torpids in no merely frivolous spirit, but as something upon which great issues may depend.

In fact it would not have been easy to be merely frivolous on such a day as that on which I braved the elements upon the Merton barge.

The rain poured down at intervals, and the wind blew without cessation. Where was my peaceful river scene of but a day or two ago? The gentle stream of that day had been lashed up into the semblance of a stormy ocean.

‘I am not sure,’ I said to Maurice, when I met him on the way to a lecture in the morning, ‘that I will really venture to come on your barge to-day. I suppose you won’t expect me if the weather is quite so bad?’

Horror was painted on the ingenuous countenance of Maurice. It was not, it appeared, the fear of losing my company on the barge that alarmed him so, but my presence was really of importance as I was to act the useful, necessary part of the chaperon.

‘I was just coming round to your digs,’ he said, ‘to ask you if it would be all right. I told them to call for you on the way and to come down to the barge with you. They can’t come at all, you know, without a proper chaperon, and Helen says she’ll die of shame if she has to go back to Ireland and say she was here in the Toggers and never went to see them.’

‘And who are “they”?’ said I.

‘Oh, didn’t I tell you?’ said Maurice.

‘It’s Helen Martin from near us at home ; she’s staying here with some stuffy old Don or other ; her sister—Marjory the eldest—is up at St. Hilda’s, and they’re coming to tea with me, so you must come.’

It seemed tolerably clear that I must, and that is why, led by a sense of duty, I braved the riotous elements on the breezy top of a barge. I give you this explanation in case you should think that I was crazy to go in such weather.

We were a funny party.

‘Marjory’s horribly clever,’ Maurice confided in me ; ‘she says she finds Aristotle’s Politics simply thrilling ; did you ever hear such rot ? But Helen’s all right.’

Helen’s confidences were equally naïve. She was, I found, horribly bored by Oxford. ‘It is a comfort,’ she told me, ‘to talk to some one like you who isn’t clever. I’m full up with clever people, I really am. I don’t care if that is what Mrs. Jones calls a vulgarism. I never knew such people ; they don’t seem to care about anything but books.’

This was a new view of Oxford for me, and I began at once to see that it might well be a possible one. One need not necessarily be stupid, but I could see that for maidens of the Helen type, finding themselves in the

learned atmosphere to which a horrid fate had consigned her, there might be possibilities in Oxford of unfathomable dulness.

‘There must be some glorious rattling along that bank’—it was the voice of Helen breaking in on my meditations—‘I do wish I had my dog, Nipper, with me. I don’t believe any one here knows the difference between a good dog and a bad one—except Maurice,’ she added generously. ‘My father says that Oxford is going down like anything. He says when he was up—he was at Brasenose, you know—you never went into the lodge without finding half a dozen dogs there, and good dogs, too, and now there aren’t any; he says he doesn’t know what the place is coming to.’

‘They may not come to it, but it may be going to them,’ murmured John, for he also was a guest at Maurice’s tea-party.

But he found no favour in Helen’s eyes; a Professor was too obviously bound to be ‘a clever person.’

‘How can you account for the sister?’ I murmured to John. ‘How came she to develop a passion for Aristotle?’

‘Freak of atavism, I suppose,’ said John.

Really, I think that enjoyment in Oxford for every one is just a matter of adjustment

and of the point of view. Mrs. Oglander told me that she once had a friend to stay who showed no interest in anything that she was shown; she said that her only reason for wishing to see Oxford was to visit the 'abandon'd lasher' of 'the Scholar Gypsy.' When Mrs. Oglander had taken her there she departed at once, perfectly satisfied. If Helen had been able to play about all day with Maurice and his chosen friends, whose tastes were her tastes, she would, I am sure, have found Oxford 'the jolliest place possible.'

The excitement of the race cheered her up vastly, and caused her to think that there is some point in Oxford after all. When the gun went off, and we knew that the boats had started from Iffley, she became all fire and eagerness.

'That's us!' she cried, with ungrammatical enthusiasm, when the Merton boat hove in sight.

I too became excessively excited. There is something that makes the heart of the steadiest-hearted beat faster when a race is nearing its end. The Merton barge is down by the winning post, and we could see from it the finish of the short, sharp struggle.

In spite of rain and wind and mud, and of

the stirred-up water which in places overflowed the bank, a great crowd ran and shouted along the towpath. Rattles came into play to encourage the crews at critical moments, and sharp pistol shots rang out to warn them that a spurt on their part might be rewarded by a bump.

I had seen Sempitern, on previous days, bump its way out of the second division into the first, and I had experienced the joy of seeing our successful crew returning to the barge, while the Sempitern crowd lined up on the path opposite and greeted them with shouts of 'Well rowed, Sempitern!' and with the sound of rattles, and with the cheerful ringing of a huge dinner-bell.

This particular joy did not await us on Merton, and Helen discoursed with renewed heat on the lack of interest in really interesting matters which she saw so much cause to deplore in her hosts.

'Would you believe it,' said she, 'they belong to Christ Church'—Christ Church has 'gone head' this year—'and yet they've never been down once, not even on the night that their own boat was likely to go head?'

I suggested, in possible extenuation of such turpitude, that they were not, possibly, young, and the weather had really been

shocking. Possibly, too, they had seen a great number of Torpids in their time.

‘That’s all very well,’ said she, ‘but they simply don’t care, Mrs. Goodenough, that’s what it is; they owned they had been to a lecture on the only fine day; I really don’t believe that they knew the Torpids were on at all until I came and dinned it into them. A lecture, indeed! that’s just all they care about—lectures and books, books and lectures!’ and Helen fairly snorted with contempt.

She cheered up wonderfully at the ensuing tea-party. It was exceedingly pleasant, and Maurice had chosen his guests with admirable discrimination. He prepared our minds for them on the way up from the boats by a few vivid words of description.

‘Conolly is coming; he’s an awfully sporting sort, just suit you, Helen; Marsh said he’d look in; you must talk to him, Mrs. Goodenough, he’s no end of a literary chap—knows yards of poetry and that kind of thing; he can say Wordsworth backwards, if that’s what you like. I asked Murgatroyd because he’s reading History and he goes to the same lectures as you, Marjory, but of course he mayn’t care to jaw about it. Bagallay-Jones said he’d look in if he had

time, but he's an awful blood, and he goes out a lot, so he mayn't turn up, but he said he wanted to meet Professor Goodenough, he's got cousins in America.'

I think that we all paired off with the right people ; in fact, Maurice saw to it that we did. Mr. Marsh and I found plenty to talk about without resorting to so desperate an expedient as repeating Wordsworth backwards. Scraps of happy horse and dog talk came to us from the window-seat, where Helen sat and talked to Mr. Conolly. The latter's glowing descriptions of the possibilities of Oxford as a hunting centre began obviously to make the former relent in her hasty condemnation of the University town as a place wholly given up to learning. Marjory found that Mr. Murgatroyd was reading 'her period,' and though not very keen to discuss authorities, he was quite ready to compare tutors and lecturers.

Maurice's estimate of our probable appetites was a truly hospitable one, and his tables were loaded with everything that is gloriously indigestible, beginning with muffins and ending with chocolate creams. He was his own tea-maker, and we were all called upon for an opinion as to whether and when the kettle did actually boil, which it did not do for some time.

His rooms are in the very new part of Merton—it is built over the site of what, in your day, was St. Alban's Hall—and he has charming views into the garden and across the Christ Church Meadows.

I had not, of course, expected to find myself in the rooms of a pale student, and Maurice's library was easily housed upon one somewhat short shelf. I doubt whether he had even as many books as Chaucer's Undergraduate, who had, we know :

‘Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and red,
Of Aristotil and his philosophie,’

though Maurice's opportunities for acquiring them are certainly infinitely greater. He, like Helen, would consider any reading which he was not absolutely bound to do as a ‘stuffy’ and time-wasting pursuit. His pictures were chiefly College groups, and it would almost appear that any time that he could spare from the neglect of his studies he must spend on the portraying of his person. There were several amateur photographs of his favourite horses and dogs : himself usually seated on the horses, and the dogs seated upon him.

When the kettle did boil and we were all well launched on our tea, into the midst of

our laughter and glee, Mr. Bagallay-Jones—the Blood—made an impressive entry. He was duly introduced to us all, and we all, I think, felt that we were gazing upon the absolutely right thing in waistcoats, ties and socks.

The tea came to an end at last, with Maurice's hospitable inquiry, 'Are you sure that you've all really done?' and we all took our leave.

Marjory Martin went back to St. Hilda's, which is one of the smaller Women's Colleges on the east side of Magdalen Bridge; she has asked me to take tea with her there, and she says that she will take me one night to the Oxford Students' Debating Society.

We duly escorted Helen back to the shelter of the oppressively learned roof under which she found herself.

'Not that it's really half bad, you know,' she said; 'they are just as kind as ever they can be to me, and I do like the chance of seeing Marjory, and I don't mind so much now that I see there are some people here who do like the right things.'

Marjory, it seems, had cheered her greatly with the promise of a hockey match which is to be seen to-morrow, for, much as you would be astonished at the advance in

athletics among Undergraduates since your time, you would be still more amazed at the rise of the athletic Woman Student.

An Oxford full of girls, riding bicycles from lecture to lecture, rowing and punting on the river, and playing hockey with vigour, would indeed be calculated to astonish an Undergraduate of the early nineteenth century, accustomed as he was to an almost womanless Oxford.

In all the letters of my dear Barrè Roberts there is no mention of his meeting with any lady, old or young, and Mozley in his reminiscences of the time when he was at Oriel, in the twenties and thirties, says, 'At that time there was no female society in Oxford, except that of the ladies of Heads of Houses, and their families, if any there were. A public-school boy, indeed any schoolboy, coming to Oxford for a two months' stay did not feel utterly banished and desolate because there was not a pretty face to be seen, or a sweet voice to be heard. It was part of his education.'

One cannot help thinking that it must have been extraordinarily pleasant for any pretty and pleasant person who did find her lines cast here, either temporarily or permanently.

All this is now for ever changed. Married Fellows have homes in the Parks or elsewhere, and many a pretty face might Mr. Mozley have descried had he been here to day.

Four Women's Colleges and a body of 'Home Students' attest the fact that the love of learning exists in many a female breast, and here finds encouragement.

It was to the youngest amongst these four Colleges—St. Hilda's—that I went to tea with Marjory Martin. Here, indeed, I found a different *milieu* to that of Maurice. A Woman Student has but one room, but she usually manages to make that very pretty, on the bed-by-night-and-chest-of-drawers-by-day plan. Marjory had three goodly rows of books, and her walls were decorated with photographs from the early Italians. The looking-glass problem in these rooms with two purposes is, she owned, a difficulty, but much can be done with a will and a fancy mirror in a flat wooden frame. Certainly her hair was done quite beautifully.

She, like Maurice, had chosen her guests with an eye to their suitability, and she had asked some very pleasant fellow-students to meet me. One went to the lectures that I go to, and another had read and greatly admired

John's book. To this party, of course, John could not be a privileged guest, but Marjory says that she will ask him to their College Garden Party in the Summer Term.

Helen's hostess was there, though Helen had herself rejoined her dog Nipper and the rest of her family. She was not the ancient dame that one might have expected to meet, from Helen's jaundiced description of her lack of interest in the pursuits and interests of the young.

'I was so glad,' she said to me, 'to have Marjory's younger sister, Helen, here with us for a time, she leads such a dull life in that god-forsaken part of Ireland: I was glad to give her the chance of seeing a little life and gaiety, and Oxford has become such a very lively place, too lively for our taste, but the young people like it.'

And Helen had nearly died of dulness! This shows how wide a margin one should always allow for the point of view!

Marjory also fulfilled her promise of taking me to hear a debate at the Oxford Students' Debating Society. And a most interesting function I found it. We met in the Hall of the Girls' High School, as this is large enough to contain the members, and is a fairly central meeting-place for the Women's Colleges and

the 'Home Students': Somerville is just round the corner, and Lady Margaret and St. Hugh's are in Norham Gardens.

St. Hilda's has all the town to come through, but they must suffer some inconveniences there to balance the advantages of their beautiful situation on the banks of the Cherwell and their view of Magdalen Tower.

At the debate which I was thus privileged to attend I saw Students and Tutors alike, and even the Head of a House joined with ardour in the fray.

And now, after all my jollity and fun, my sight-seeing, and my pursuit of the things of the mind, I am laid low with the grippe, or that which is called here the 'Flu,' or even simply 'It.'

'Of course we are all dreadfully sorry for you,' says Mrs. Oglander, 'but you were so bent upon experiencing every sensation that is appropriate to each Term as it passes, and it is thought barely decent now to go through the whole of Hilary without an outbreak of "Flu." No one minds unless the cook gets it an hour before an impending dinner-party. If she develops it a whole day before a party that you don't particularly want to give, or

from which your chief guests have already had to excuse themselves from the same cause, you may readily discern a silver lining to your cloud.'

Mrs. Oglander says that when she was first married the whole University was kept down for a fortnight, because It raged so furiously :

'Whereby,' says she, 'I had two weeks tacked on to our honeymoon, so who am I that I should curse this thing for you ? '

But still I cannot think why I, an innocent stranger, should be afflicted thus. I that never had it before.

John's opinion is that 'the walk to Binsey did it.' But I am unwilling to allow this, because that walk to Binsey is one of my most treasured recollections.

It was at Mr. Bayzand's suggestion that we went. He was born and bred at Binsey, and it disturbed him, I think, that John should have passed all his Undergraduate life here without ever being aware that there was such a place.

'Do you go, now, by the causey and return by the lane,' said he, 'and you'll have had the prettiest walk and have seen the most back-behind, old-fashioned little spot that you or Mrs. Goodenough ever set eyes on.

Something to tell the old Gentleman over the water ' (Mr. Bayzand meant you). ' *He* often walked to Binsey, I 'll be bound, now ; folks did walk in those days before all this sport and bicycling came in.'

It was one Sunday that we followed his advice and went to Binsey.

The floods were out all across Port Meadow, so we had to skirt it by that raised and willow-fringed path, which you doubtless well remember. Then we crossed the river and went by the causeway across the Medley fields. All this side of Oxford is so Dutch in effect ; far across Port Meadow we could see the sails of boats which tacked down the stream or even sailed, regardless of being mudbanked, upon the meadow itself. It is this diversity of effect that is, to my mind, one of the crowning joys of this joyful place : if you crave for Dutch effects you can get them for the trouble of walking here or to the canal ; if you should wish to induce an Italian mood you have but to saunter in the second quadrangle of St. John's, decorated by Inigo Jones when he was fresh from the glories of the Italian Renaissance.

Geese, too, in abundance dabble and duck in the meadow, and they are pleasant objects for the foreground of a landscape-painter ;

for background what could he have better than rows of shimmering poplars and silvery willows ?

In the churchyard there is still the water which gushed forth at the prayer of St. Frideswide, the Virgin Patron Saint of Oxford, on the foundation of whose convent Christ Church stands to-day. Here she built herself a humble cell, and here, as the place lacked good water, she prayed that a well might come, and at once a well came.

We had to return from Binsey by the way we came ; a backwater runs behind it and makes an island of it ; across this water we could see the people walking along the Wytham meadows, but not by any means could we win over to them.

It is this that makes the great charm of Binsey, this being so near to the world and yet so remote from it.

‘ If,’ I said to John, ‘ it was on the walk to Binsey that I contracted the influenza, which I am sure I did not, it was worth it.’

Now the connection between this ideal walk to Binsey and my attack of influenza may not seem so very clear. To John’s logical mind it worked out thus :

1. Flooded areas are one of the chief causes of malaria.



OXFORD IN THE FLOODS

2. Influenza is a form of malaria.

Therefore Bridget's influenza was brought on by the floods.

Anyway, whether caused by floods or (and this was John's second line of argument) by a special dispensation of Providence to prevent me from 'overdoing it,' laid low I undoubtedly was. I sat at home and bewailed my fate, remembering all the things that I meant to have done and to have seen in the latter weeks of this term.

Next term, if I am to believe Mrs. Oglander, it will be of no use to pretend to see things; I shall be wholly occupied in seeing people.

'Any one,' says she, 'who attempts to widen her knowledge or to improve her understanding in the Summer Term would be no woman, but an unnatural monster.'

Also we shall have left our quiet retreat under the shadow of New College tower for a hired house in the north of Oxford; we shall have people to stay with us, and the chance of lonely browsing among books and of solitary sight-seeing will be for ever gone.

'I meant,' I wailed, 'to have seen all the Museums; I haven't seen one yet. I meant to have exhausted the interest of the Pitt Rivers Collections, to have studied India at the Indian Museum, and, above all, to have

revelled amongst the Art Collections of the Ashmolean. Also I meant to have visited every possible corner of the Clarendon Press.'

'Merciful Powers!' cried John, 'you were indeed taken ill only just in time.'

Every one was not so hard-hearted.

While I was really ill there was no end to the kindness of all those Oxford friends. Mrs. Oglander brought fruit and flowers for me; Aunt Camilla sent orange jelly and some light biscuits of a particular kind, the jealously-guarded recipe for which had been in her family for generations, and which were prepared by the hands of her own cook, who had thus prepared them during her thirty years of service with the Outhwaites. Mr. Tristram sent novels with an equally light and delicate flavour. Barbara sent to me one of her most treasured possessions, a present from Mr. Enderby in their courting days, called *Through England on a Side-saddle in 1695; being the Journal of Celia Fiennes*. Mr. Bayzand's niece tempted me to eat with the most delicate invalid cookery and with possets of all kinds. Never, I think, was woman so cosseted and comforted.

When I was convalescent and visitors were allowed, they all came to see me.

'How many comforters to-day, Bridgeteen?'

John would ask when he returned from the Bodleian.

First came Aunt Camilla.

She came to bring me the great news that Barbara had a young son. The dear old lady was greatly moved and excited by this auspicious event. She had posted straight down to Paradise House in what she so delightfully calls 'the public conveyance,' which is what we time-saving moderns call 'the tram.' The young heir of Ballinacragga is to be named Patrick Burke, and he is to be christened in the College Chapel on St. Patrick's Day.

For this ceremony I positively must, even at the risk of a split infinitive, get well.

Now that I cannot get out to read at the Camera, I turn with renewed ardour to the books that I find within doors. What comfort was there for me, I wondered, between the pages of my dear Doctor Plot? Surely he would not fail me, but would be ready with some entirely inconsequent reason for this affliction of mine, possibly even with a totally illogical remedy for it.

I turned to Chap. II., '*Of the Waters,*' as the most likely to explain things.

This is what I read :—

'As for standing Pools, Marish, or Boggy

Grounds, the Parents (or at least Occasions) of *Agues*, *Coughs*, *Catarrhs*, they are fewest here of any place to be found : the Soil for the most part lying dry, and water'd only with clear and rapid Fountains. In short, so altogether agreeable is this County to *Cardan's* rule, *Solum siccum cum Aquis currentibus salubritatem Aeris efficiunt*, that had he wanted an instance for Confirmation, he might have found one here most suitable to his purpose. And if plenty of wholesome Fish, spontaneous Productions of odoriferous Plants, and the scarcity of filthy *Reptils*, be cogent Arguments of the goodness of *Waters*, *Soils*, and consequently of *Air*, as heretofore they have been accounted, I know not any place that can make better pretences, as shall be shown more at large in their proper places.'

Evidently it is not the climate of Oxford that is to be held accountable for my malady.

'Beside its clearness from Pestiferous Vapors, I imagin the Sharpness we find this *Air* to be of, to be no small Argument of its Health and Purity. . . . Which is also very suitable to the Doctrine of *Hippocrates*, who, speaking concerning the healthy Situation of Cities, says, "*That such which are placed to cold Winds, that though their Waters are*

harsh and cold, yet for the most part they are sweet, and the Inhabitants healthy and brisk, sound and free from Defluctions." And so indeed frequently I find them here, of a very chearful Humour, affable and courteous in their Deportment; neither sparing nor profuse in their Entertainments, but of a generous Temper, suitable to the sweet and healthful Air they live in: Whereas the *Inhabitants of Fenny and Boggy Countries, whose Spirits are clogged with perpetual Exhalations, are generally of a more stupid and unpleasant Conversation.'*

Then the sweet Soul wanders on, through Waters and Soils, to Centenarians and to Prelates and Kings, always beginning, of course, with King Alfred. ' 'Twas the sweetness and commodiousness of the Place, that (no question) first invited the *Great and Judicious King Alfred* to select it for the *Muses Seat.'*

How delightfully resting it is when one is ill and tired to be able to turn to such a discursive author.

After a few pages of Parliaments and Bishops, of Councils and of Kings, back comes my dear Doctor Plot to the subject of Air once more. 'From whence (after so long, but I hope not unpleasant Digression)

I return to the Beautiful *Oxford* again, a Place of so sweet and wholesome an Air, that though it must not be compared with that of *Montpellier*, yet upon my own Knowledge it has proved so advantageous to some, that it has perfectly recovered them of deep Consumptions ; and particularly a worthy Friend of mine, who though he came hither sufficiently spent, yet without the help of any other *Physick*, within few *Months* felt a sensible Amendment ; and in fewer *Years* became of as Sanguine a complexion as the rest of his Friends, that had almost despaired of him . . . though I cannot but believe, but were there yet more Trenches cut in some of the Meadows, the Air might be somewhat better'd still, especially during the Winter Season when I fear sometimes Floods stay a little too long, and that not only near *Oxford*, but in *Otmoor* ; and all along the *Isis* from *Ensham* to *North-moor*, *Shifford*, *Chimly* and *Rotcot*, which brings me again to the general consideration of the Waters, as well as of the whole County as City.'

But this last passage brings me again to the consideration of all that I had meant to do and to see, not only within the City of Oxford, but for many a mile outside its walls. I should have liked to explore Otmoor

(and it is much easier to do that now than it was in Doctor Plot's time) ; I should have loved to follow the Isis from Ensham to Northmoor ; I should have delighted to visit Shifford and Rotcot.

If repining would do me any good, with what a will would I not repine ! I that have so much to do here and so increasingly short a time to do it in.

Even my comforters will cease, I fear, to comfort, for most of what they tell me makes me wish more and more to be up and doing and to miss no opportunities of hearing about and seeing more of Oxford and its surroundings.

And how ungrateful this is, for never were comforters more consistently and tirelessly bent on being comforting.

My kind antiquarian friend came, and very characteristic was his method of helping me to see the bright side of things.

'Look,' said he, 'in Bliss's edition of Hearne's *Reliquæ*, and at page 772 you will see that he refers to "a strange epidemical cold" which was prevalent in Oxford in 1733. Here is the passage : "Dr. Shippen sat as Vice-Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor himself being ill of the strange epidemical cold that hath of late seized almost all people

in England, and many foreign countries, and carried off many ; such a cold as I never heard of before, occasioned by an infection of the air, which arose, 'tis supposed, from a strange, mild winter." This, no doubt, was the influenza. I will leave the two volumes with you, and I very much hope to find that you are considerably better in health when I come to fetch them back.'

Now nothing could well be kinder than this, because the two volumes are beautifully bound, and they are evidently honoured guests upon the shelves of my friend.

But the perusal of them makes me long to be out and about again, poking into odd corners to search for any traces that may be left of the Oxford of Hearne's time.

I want to go to the churchyard of Holywell to see if I can find the tomb of his friend Mr. Joyner, for says Hearne : ' Old Mr. William Joyner, who lies buried in Holywell churchyard, Oxford (with a tombstone over him), often desired Mr. Kymber to be his executor. But he declined it ; tho' he wished he had, because after his death, when they examined his books, they found money stuck in almost every one of them, in all to the value of three or four hundred pounds : which I take to be the reason why he would never let any one

see his study, tho' often desired to do it. I was acquainted with Mr. Joyner, and used to visit him at the mannour house at Holywell, where he lodged, after dinner, it being his desire I would come at that time, because of his going to bed always at four in the evening, and rising at four in the morning. When I used to be with him he would often mention his books as being curious in their kind, but I could never get him to show me one, which must be for the foresaid reason ; yet when he died, it appeared that the books were but ordinary.'

Certainly I must get better, and I must go forth and hunt in Holywell churchyard until I find that tombstone ; and when found I will sit upon it, and contemplate the outside of Holywell mannour house, which still stands to the north of the church. But I must copy for you, as I cannot yet carry out this programme, just a story or two more of old Mr. Joyner and his ways, so that he may seem as real and modern to you as he does to me. 'He would talk very pleasantly and have a pint of ale by himself and a very hard crust. He used to say that he loved an old Protestant, but could not endure the Puritans. Mr. Wood hath an account of two things that he printed. His account of

Cardinal Poole is but a mean thing. When he gave it to Mr. Obadiah Walker, Mr. Walker afterwards said to him, "Mr. Joyner, I like your book well, only you mention Puritans before they were in being." "Oh," says Joyner, "they are the greatest rogues upon the face of the earth." "Very well," says Mr. Walker, "then I like your reason for mentioning them very well." Mr. Joyner told me Mr. Wood used often to come to him, and that he told him many stories which he (Mr. Wood) penned down in his presence, and when anything pleased Mr. Wood, he would always cry *Hum*, upon which Mr. Joyner would go on to expatiate. Mr. Joyner told me also to bring my pen and ink, and write down what old stories he should tell me; "and when you say *Hum*," says he, "then I shall know that you are pleased, and will go on." But I never did, though I was with him many times when I was a young Master of Arts.'

Then I want to walk up Headington Hill to refresh myself with the sight of Joe Pullen's tree, for the carefully preserved remains are there still, though the four yew-trees which were planted round it in Hearne's time are no more to be seen. It is, as the editor of the *Reliquæ* justly remarks, 'in every sense

to be deemed University property.' 'First, from the associations belonging to it, and the numerous visitants of early days, as well as of modern times, who have made it their almost daily boundary of exercise: next, because the late Mr. Whorwood of Headington gave it, although informally, to the University authorities, which, to the credit of the present owner of the property, Mr. Davenport, was no sooner made known to him than he declared nothing should induce him to destroy it (it had been doomed to the axe), and there it remains still an illustration to these remains.'

From Headington Hill I will go to the village where 'about three weeks since' (only Hearne writes in 1609) 'a person at Heddington near Oxford, opening the surface of the ground, in the back-side of the house, found a gold ring, curiously wrought, on the outside of which is the figure of St. George treading upon a dragon, with his spear run into the dragon's mouth.'

But this last projected feat is so impossible for a person who feels as though her legs were made of wool and her head of india-rubber, that the very contemplation of it brings me back to the earth and to Holyfield Court once more.

Guide-books, too, did this kind friend bring for my amusement, ancient guide-books such as he knows both John and I delight in.

It is a great pleasure to him, he says, to see that I take an interest in my husband's pursuits, and he has sent me with the other books a volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, with this passage marked: 'How delightful is it, when the mind of the female is so happily disposed and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure.'

The guide-books are delightful, but I dare not study them longer, because they, too, awake the desire for impossible activities, for seeing all the sights that are described in them, or pursuing what still remains of the sights that they describe.

The oldest of these books is called *Oxoniensis Academia*, by the Reverend John Pointer, and he it is that in these very pages tried to account for the singular longevity of the All Souls Mallard, by the analogy of the great age of a goose which was kept by the father of 'a Person of very good Credit,' and which lived to be eighty.

The supposed injurious statement stirred up another gentleman to write 'A Complete Vindication of the Mallard of All Souls College against the injurious suggestions of the Rev. Mr. Pointer, Rector of Slapton, in the County of Northampton and Diocese of Peterborough.' This pamphlet also did my friend lend me, so that I might read both sides of such an important controversy.

Mr. Pointer is very careful to tell the inquiring stranger of the contribution which he himself made to the 'Curiosities in the Bodleian Library':—

'17. MS. of St. Augustine's Soliloquies, in old French, also a Discourse about the Tree of the Cross, etc., given by Mr. Pointer, Author of this Book.

'18. *Calendarium Hieroglyphicum*, or an antique Ephemeris, consisting of Hieroglyphics; call'd by the Danes the Rimstock, by the Swedes and Norwegians the Primstaff, and by the Britons the Clog or the Log, Explain'd and given by Mr. Pointer.

'This Ephemeris is said to be the most ancient Almanack in the World; there are two Sorts of them, one a square Piece of Wood, the other in wooden Leaves; the one is preserved in Mr. Ashmole's Musæum, the other in the Physick or Anatomy School;

the Figure and Description of which Dr. Plot has given in his Natural History of Staffordshire.'

In your day it might still have been possible to find that *Calendarium Hieroglyphicum*, otherwise called a Clog or Log, in 'Mr. Ashmole's Musæum.'

But beyond recall now are those dear dead days when he who went to visit a museum never knew what species of thing he was likely to set eyes on inside it.

The charming seventeenth-century building which once held Mr. Ashmole's gift to the University now houses the School of Geography. The collections have been divided and subdivided, weeded out and catalogued, added to and rearranged, until the ghost of Elias Ashmole would know them no more.

The 'Dodar-Birds, one of which watches whilst the other stoops down to drink,' have long gone the way that all moth-eaten things must inevitably go. Where 'A corn two inches long, taken off a Toe of one Sarney a Wheelwright, of St. Aldate's Parish in Oxford, 1655,' may have vanished to, it is probably beyond the Keeper of any Collection to say. What modern custodian would not shudder at this simple arrangement of a collection of Fine Art?

- ' 1. Our Saviour's Descent into Hell.
2. John Tradescant, Sen. and Jun.
3. A Piece of Conjurat[i]on.
4. King John and His Queen.'

Sometimes I should think that the custodians of museums might wish that the eleventh of Elias Ashmole's own rules were still in force.

' 11. That the Rarities be show'd to but one Company at a time, and that, upon these being enter'd into the Musæum, the Door shall be shut, and if any more Company or Companies come before they be despatch'd, that they be desired to stay below till that other be come forth.'

Everything now, no doubt, is arranged in a very right, proper, and altogether-as-it-ought-to-be manner, but the unscientific person longs sometimes for the old chaotic days: they must have been so gloriously full of the delights of the unexpected.

It does not do now to trust oneself in Oxford without the most up-to-date of guides. And, by the same token, I myself found two stranger ladies seeking for the Ashmolean Museum in its old home, and I conducted them to what was once known simply as 'The Taylor Buildings,' where now the accumulated treasures of the Ashmolean have found a home.

‘ Ah,’ said my ladies rather plaintively to one another, when I had landed them there, ‘ dear Jane told us that we ought not to miss seeing something that began with a “T,” she could not quite remember what ; this, no doubt, is what she meant.’

‘ No doubt,’ said I, and left them, thanking Providence that in these sophisticated days it is still possible to encounter the simple-minded.

Mr. Tristram came to see me with a more modern system of comfort than that of my Antiquarian, which has led me into such a long disquisition.

‘ What you need, Mrs. Goodenough,’ said he, ‘ is to laugh. I have had influenza myself, and I can tell you that if influenza in a comfortable lodging with a charming husband in attendance is a trial, it is nothing to the torments that are suffered by a lonely Fellow in a College.’

He said that he thought he should have died of the ensuing depression of spirits if a colleague had not brought him the pearls from a most precious collection of examination papers. He had borrowed these same papers for me, and I have had to transcribe

long passages for you, for no short excerpts could give you any notion of their strange charm. I preserve, too, for you the original beauties of the spelling.

I wonder how this will strike you : it is from a General Paper in a College Entrance Examination. The candidate has not copied the question, but I suppose that it demanded from him his views on the Suffrage Question. Here they are in full :—

‘ There can be no possible reason why any woman should want to have “ Women’s Suffrage ” other than that she may have her finger in another pie and have more influence over her male relations and husband, etc., which will be universally agreed is not needed.

‘ What is more, any person taking any pains to discover about the matter, will immediately find that the *majority of women don’t want it*. There can be only isolated cases taken in which it can be allowed, which come almost to a property qualification which is not wanted ; the following instance will be quoted in which, as has been said above, is the only case in which “ sufferage ” *might* be allowed ; a certain old lady, a widow, *intellectual* and rich, who owns a large property and employs, say, fifty male servants of whom,

say, half are ordinary labourers, whose only idea of voting is to vote for the party who they think will get them their bread cheaper, so that they will have more money to spend on beer ; *they all have a vote*, their mistress who has been mentioned above as being intellectual *has none*.

‘ This is the one case in which “ sufferage ” might be given, *but*, as has been said before, that is practically a property qualification (which is not supposed to be tolerated now in these Socialistic days) because she must be rich, and how is she to be proved to be intellectual ? ’

How, indeed ?

‘ Because a woman whose husband has made his fortune as a butcher, need not necessarily be intellectual. Therefore that one instance not being allowed, there is certainly no other class that ought to have the vote.’

Is he not a dauntless boy ? He continues :—

‘ And even if that one instance was allowed, would that depraved class of females who now clamour for it in the streets be content ? No, they want it for themselves, and if they got it, then it *would* be universal sufferage, and then ? ’

Then comes a final note of prophecy and warning :—

‘ It is bad enough if a son has a different view in politics to his father, but if the mother had a third ; then indeed would the peaceable English homesteads be broken up.

‘ And if the vote was given to women, then immeadiately they would clamour for female members of parliament ; but this is anticipating.’

Is he not indeed a pearl of boys ?

I should like to copy for you, word for word, the whole of his paper. His masterly summing up of the story of *The Merchant of Venice*, which, says he, ‘ Has always been allowed to be one of Shakespeare’s masterpieces, by many famous writers, and so of course it is.’ ‘ Antonio is apparently a very good friend but not quite a gentleman in the way in which he has treated the Jew before the time of the play. Anybody can imagine that the Jew’s feelings would not be very charitable towards him, and being such a person as the Jew was, what happened afterwards was not surprising.’ ‘ Then, of course, every one “lives happily ever after” except the Jew, who is ignored.’

I must give you his views on Garden Cities, and then we must leave him, with a thousand

thanks for his unconscious brightening of an unknown woman's existence.

'A Garden City will of course take up a lot more room than a non-garden city, for the simple fact that each house will have plenty of space round it for its garden.

'Each house, one assumes, will be detached, and the streets one hopes will be wide.

'The results are obvious; the lucky inhabitants of a garden city will have more pure air and light, which they are entitled too, and less poisonous smells than their less fortunate bretheren in non-garden towns.'

Then he rushes into startlingly bold scientific statements, and into speculations, of whose originality he is not, I think, fully aware, on the effect which natural beauty has upon vice and crime.

'Chemistry and science tell us that trees and plants absorb the gas which we breath out and cannot breath again; *and* they give off the gas we require, and that therefore if all human beings were to die, then all plants would die, or *vice versa*.'

Isn't he sweeping?

'Therefore one would naturally suppose that the more plants and trees about, the more healthy a place is. But there must be some official appointed to see that the

gardens are well cared for and no rotting refuse left about ; because looking at the average labourer's cottage does not inspire any one to start a garden city. And one would naturally imagine that where there are most plants and flowers (*i.e.* nature) there will be least vice and crime.'

'Oh, can't you,' I said to Mr. Tristram, 'bring that perfectly darling boy to see me ? I would give much, I would almost, though not quite, be willing to start my influenza all over again, if the privilege might be mine to research further into his guileless mind and to tap the springs of his innocent thoughts.'

'I wish, indeed,' said Mr. Tristram, 'that he were still with us and that I could bring him to see you ; visiting the sick was one of his specialities. He was a great torment as well as a great joy, as you may imagine from that paper. Anything that we tried to teach him ran through his charming curly head like water through a sieve, and yet he was, as he would say, "of course," the very joy of my existence.'

'You say "he was,"' said I ; 'where, then, is he now ?'

'By some manner of miracle we poked and pushed him into a pass degree, and

he is a curate in the roughest of mining parishes.'

'I hope that his vicar has a sense of humour,' said I.

'Oh yes,' said Mr. Tristram; 'he's an old friend of mine, and I told him what a jewel we were entrusting to his care. I took him away with me once on a reading party, while he was still battling with Groups, and he was the life and the joy of us all. I shall never forget, too, his innocent triumph when he was finally through his Schools. It was in the days when men still received a piece of blue paper, called a Testamur, to show that they had satisfied the examiners. I can remember meeting John Lamb when he had been to fetch his Testamur; he gave his pocket a joyous pat and cried to me, "Nothing can take it away from me now!"'

'Now what sort of friends would a man like that make in a College?' said I.

'Every one was John Lamb's friend, and the cleverest could learn something from him; if only where to find the first birds' eggs, or the right method of re-making a golf ball. There was nothing that boy didn't know about things that were outside the range of mere book-learning.'

'Did he ever learn to spell?' said I.

‘No, never ; I believe that he spelt Jerusalem with a “G” in his Bishop’s exam. Every one loved him at the Theological College to which he went when he left us, though he was himself rather bored with his time there ; he said that he got a white swelling in his knee from kneeling so much. It was on the practical side of religion that our Mary shone. It was always the up-and-at-’em aspect of things that appealed to him. He ought to have been born in the times when it was still possible to have a personal set-to with the devil.’

‘Why Mary ?’ said I.

‘Because of the Lamb,’ said he ; ‘there is usually more meaning than may at first sight appear in the evolution of the College nickname. “How does your garden grow ?” became a recognised greeting to our Mary. In the mouth of his Tutor it meant, “Have you been working ?” or what he himself would have called “stewing.” From his friends the question implied, “Have you been up to any original mischief in which another fellow might take part ?”’

‘Did a row of pretty maids grow in his garden ?’ I asked.

‘If they did he would have rooted them up to make way for something more useful,’

said Mr. Tristram. 'John disliked very few things, but some of those few were what he called "toffs." He had, he said, no use for them; they walked about in tidy clothes, and held no views in particular on bird-nesting. A genuine hard worker he respected and looked up to as belonging to the race of "clever chaps," and a sister or cousin who could mend clothes or cook as well as he could do these things himself, he could tolerate for a time, if she did not talk too much. All other feminine society he would simply have classed with the race of toffs, and would have had no use for them.'

'All the same,' said I, 'I wish that I had known him.'

Mr. Bayzand, too, tried to cheer me up with tales of the Undergraduates that he had known; but he apologised somewhat for the lack of stirring incident in his stories on the ground that he had been scout on a very quiet staircase: 'Mostly reading Gentlemen, they just read and went to lectures, and didn't do much that I could make a tale of to amuse you, ma'am.'

Mr. Bayzand can remember the older more unruly days, when the fifth of November never failed to bring forth a Town and Gown row. He hunted up for me a once celebrated

poem descriptive of one of these occasions,
'Town and Gown, in pre-historic time.'

'While rolls the swelling Isis,
While stands Shotover Hill,
The fifth day of November
Shall have such honour still :
Gay the Commemoration,
Tho' but few Gownsmen stay,
But the fifth day of November
Is Oxford's whitest day.

In memory of Guy Fawkes
The Town and Gownsmen meet,
And for the deadly combat
Crowd up each well-known street.
The Town they come from Jericho
And all the slums around,
And bargees from the river
Approach the battle ground.
The Gownsmen draw their numbers
From College and from hall,
From Ch. Ch. down to Keble
Without the city wall,
To where by central Carfax,
With pugilistic might,
While bobbies vainly interfered,
Was fought the glorious fight.'

Outwardly, of course, Mr. Bayzand praised the increasing moderation and good sense of this generation of men who are allowing so foolish a custom to lapse, but inwardly, I fancy that he felt with Tom Hearne, that

when good old customs alter 'tis a sign
learning dwindles.

He does not agree with the poet of the Magazine on the subject of Bonfires, but would rather hold with the opinion attributed to Professor Dicey :

‘Professor Dicey asserts, that in any part of Her Majesty’s ample dominions

Any person has a right to make any demonstration to celebrate the triumph of any opinions :

He says that your opponents, even if they don’t feel called upon to get drunk and to cheer with you,

Will be acting in a manner not merely wrong but also imprudent if they dare to at all interfere with you :

And, in fact, for an Undergraduate to ignite a maroon or a bonfire

Is a perfectly legitimate act, which should never the indignation of any intelligent Don fire.

There can be no possible difficulty about his making a bonfire or igniting any number of squibs, crackers, maroons, rockets, Roman candles, and Catherine wheels in the decent obscurity of his proper back-garden.

But Professor Dicey himself will acknowledge that the selection of All Souls’ College as a scene for the practical application of his remarks would be a most shocking example to the Bible Clerks, and would also in all probability earn a reproof from the Warden.’

Mr. Bayzand was able to tell me many strange tales of bygone bonfires ; of the Machiavellian policy of some Colleges which

lay in bundles of wood for a bonfire and take so fatherly an interest in it, that all the expected fun dies out of it before it is lighted ; or of the daring conception on the part of some Don, who caused all the oil-cans which should have increased the flames to be filled with water to quench them.

‘ Many a one,’ said Mr. Bayzand, ‘ have I seen sent down for having a bit of fun with a bonfire ; but there, them that ’s sent down may live to be a credit to the College, not to speak of coming to be Prime Minister, as some ’s been known to do.’

He also remembered Mary Lamb, and our conversation worked round to and ultimately stopped at him and his heroic conduct during an outbreak of influenza in the College.

‘ Nursed ’em all, he did,’ said Mr. Bayzand ; ‘ you never see such a thing. He used to go round to ’em all just like a hospital nurse and give ’em their medicine. “ And I see that they takes it, Bayzand,” he says ; “ there ’s no shirking allowed with me, and if they rebels against stopping in bed, I just sits on top of ’em till they ’re ready to promise anything,” he says. Over six foot high and weighed a bit, he did.’

‘ He must have been a dear,’ I said. ‘ I hope he didn’t end by getting it himself.’

‘Yes, he did,’ said Mr. Bayzand, ‘and his mother came up and nursed him. A nice lady she was, too, one of the old-fashioned sort. “You look after the mother and I’ll mind the child,” as the proverb says.’

So here we were, this comforter and I, round again at the fatal subject of the ‘Flu.’

My real help and stay through it all was Mrs. Oglander. She, as John expressed it, ‘did not stop at comforting, but really propped.’

She and John have now laid their heads together and have decided that I am to be taken away for a change of air.

‘But where, when I am taken away, am I to be put?’ This was my not unnatural question.

‘On a hill,’ said John.

‘But what hill?’ said I.

And then there came to our assistance what John calls ‘Bridget’s way of settling things by the necromantic method.’

I began to remember that almost my last act before I succumbed was to go to the Bodleian Library to read an ancient book called *Oxonia Expurgata*, for I do sometimes read in Bodley itself, and the reason why I have not enlarged to you on my times there is because I feared that I should never

stop if I once began to talk about that Storehouse of Delights.

Now as I descended the staircase on my way from the new reading-room back to the old, I cast my eye upon the wall to the right of the staircase and, hanging there, I saw some pieced-together fragments of a very ancient woolwork map. There was a verse in the corner, and this was how it ran :

‘ In . threefold . partes . divided . is . on . easte . do . the .
Cotteswold . stand .

Most . fertil . hills . for . sheep . and . —ike . not . in .
this . land .’

‘ I will go,’ said I to myself, ‘ one day to the Cotteswold, whatever they may be.’

So, when Mrs. Oglander began to suggest this place and that place as likely ones for me to revive in, I said to her :

‘ If I must go anywhere, and if they still exist and are possible of access, I should like to go to the Cotteswold.’

‘ Oh, you clever creature ! ’ said she, ‘ who told you anything about the Cotswolds ? They are only just round the corner from here, and it is to Willersey Hill on the Cotswolds that I am planning to send you.’

‘ And why were you planning to send me there, pray ? ’ said I.

‘ Because,’ said she, ‘ it is not far off, and

it is very high up, and it is full of associations with bygone Oxford. If you rummage a little in all those old books of which you are so fond, you will find endless allusions to the Cotswold country.'

So I turned with interest and renewed zest to my rummaging.

I found that my new friend, Celia Fiennes, did actually, on one of her journeys, ride up 'a vast, stony, high, hazardous hill of neare two mile long ascending all the way from Weston.'

It was in a farm on the top of this hill that Mrs. Oglander was planning to plant us.

She was a great dear, this Celia, and I return Barbara Enderby a thousand thanks for lending her artless chronicle to me. I must copy for you her most excellent reasons for keeping a journal :—

'My Journeys as they were begun to regain my health by variety and change of aire and exercise, soe whatever promoted that was pursued ; and those informations of things as could be obtained from Inns en passant, or from some acquaintance, inhabitants of such places could ffurnish me with for my diversion, I thought necessary to remark : that as my bodily health was promoted my mind should not appear totally unoccupied,

and the collecting it together remain for my after conversation (with such as might be inquisitive after such and such places) to which might have recourse ; and as most I converse with knows both the freedom and easiness I speak and write as well as my defect in all, so they will not expect exactness or politeness in the book, tho' such Embellishments might have adorned the descriptions and suited the nicer taste.'

Certainly her style is a thing to wonder at. Here is her description of the tombs of the Peterboroughs in Turvoy Church : ' In the Church are fine tombs and monuments of that family, the first with two Ladyes on each side, the higher, one in a widdows dress all marble finely Gilt and painted on a bed, and rowles of Matt very naturall at their head and feete. There was another and the Lady dyed in Childbed the Child by her Costly Carved and Gilt and 4 beademen at the feete (he allowed for four old mens maintenance), by it another and his Lady all rich marble Gilt and painted.'

She was herself of a Cotswold family, for she was a daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, and her brother was the third Lord Saye and Sele of Broughton Castle by Banbury.

She lived through troublous times, when heads sat insecurely upon shoulders and sometimes came off altogether. Says Celia, 'Such Great persons, Especially those that can pay well for it, have their heads sewed on again and so buried.'

Her cheerfulness was a lesson that might well be taken to heart of the Influenza patient. 'The little rains that I had in the morning before I left Newtontony made the ways very slippery, and it being mostly on Chaulk way, a little before I came to Alsford, forceing my horse out of the hollow way, his feete failed and he could noeways recover himself, and soe I was shott off his neck upon the Bank, but noe harm I bless God, and as soon as he could role himself up, stood shock still by me, which I looked on as a great Mercy, indeed Mercy and Truth all wayes have attended me.'

Part of the Cotswold is actually in Oxfordshire, and I bore in mind the descriptions of my old friend Doctor Plot of the stone circles and the cromlech at Rollright, near to Chipping Norton, and even more particularly I remember his glowing descriptions and his elaborate pictures of the 'Water-works' at Enstone, and of how Thomas Bushel, Esq., when going to place a cistern there, 'met

with a *Rock* so wonderfully contrived by *Nature* herself that he thought it worthy all imaginable Advancement by *Art*.'

'If,' said I, 'I am very meek and mild, and if I fall obligingly into your plans for my good and go to the Cotswold, will all these things be added unto me?'

'Well,' said she, 'I cannot promise that you will see all that there is to be seen in the Cotswold in the space of one short week and with only your own legs to trust to, but you will see much and you will come back revived, and you will long to go again, and that is all I can promise you, but I think it's enough.'

Even Maurice Lynch had a good word to say for the Cotswold plan.

'You'll soon cheer up there,' said he. 'I should advise Mr. Goodenough to get you out of this hole as soon as possible; people never pick up in Oxford.' Maurice always advised me for my good as though I were fifteen and he fifty.

He approved of our choice of place as being 'in the middle of very decent country; the North Cotswolds aren't half a bad pack, and you won't really be so very far off the Heythrop.'

For Maurice had not failed to be among the comforters.

‘I’ll look in,’ said he, ‘and tell you all about the Ouds. I come on, you know, as a courtier. I’ll look in one rehearsal day and show you my dress, if you like; it isn’t half bad.’

The ‘Ouds’ is the O.U.D.S., and those letters stand for the Oxford University Dramatic Society.

This year they are playing the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. Just the play that young and happy persons should play so well.

‘We mayn’t act anything sensible, you know,’ says Maurice, ‘only Greek or Shakespeare. I’m glad it’s not Greek this time.’

I too was glad, though for a different reason; the thought of Greek choruses being performed within reach of me, and I not able to go and listen, would have been too maddening.

It will seem strange to you to hear of a theatre at all in Oxford, and that Undergraduates should actually play in it will seem stranger still.

From all these excitements and temptations I am now being removed, for Mrs. Oglander has come to say that we can have rooms at the farm on the hill.

‘I bring you,’ said she, ‘*Highways and Byeways in Oxford and the Cotswolds*; take

that and my blessing, and in a week we shall have you back with every trace of influenza blown out of you.'

My Antiquary brought me a small, squat volume called *The Spiritual Quixote*.

'You will see why I bring you this and ask you to find room for it in your bag,' said he. 'When you have ascended the hill from Campden bid your driver to point out to you Dover's Hill. Perhaps you will be able to persuade your good husband to hire a carriage and to drive you down into the plain to Mickleton where good Richard Graves, the author of the little work, lived.'

So I do not lose touch with Oxford up on the Cotswold hills ; for I am actually here, stuck up on the top of a hill nearly a thousand feet high, and really, I suppose, my adventures here ought not to figure at all in my green diary, but I feel so fully in touch with Oxford life, so completely in tune with the spirit of all my tiny studies there.

At every turn there is something that reminds us of the dear place, something that makes one long to know more of her history and to look further into her past. Just for once on our journey here I caught myself wishing that John had read History and had taken the Revolution as his special period ;

it would have been so useful if he had been able to describe to me the movements of the Parliamentary forces and of the King's army, as the train took us across Port Meadow and past the village of Yarnton.

When we left the train at Chipping Campden and drove up the long hill to that most beautiful town, we saw all that the war had spared of the once great house of the Hicks at Campden.

Here in Campden was born Mr. George Ballard, of Magdalen College, he who wrote that book in praise of the Learned Ladies.

Down below us at Saintsbury lived William Latimer, the friend of Erasmus. 'Himself,' says our *Highways and Byeways*, 'a Fellow of All Souls, he shares with Erasmus, Grocyn, and Linacre the honour of planting the study of Greek at Oxford.' He was vicar also of Weston, still further down the hill, where, in all probability, he built the rectory house. To this house came riding Celia Fiennes, on her way to 'my brother Say' at Broughton. 'Here,' says she, 'is all very heavy way to Weston, 25 mile in Glocester, to a Parsonage of my Cos'n Pheramus ffiennes, given him for his life by his and our Grandfather Willm Lord Viscount Say and Seale—it's a neate building, all stone, and ye walls round

Court, Gardens, and yards are all of Stone.'

Then, as strength returned to me in this glorious air, we made our way into the plain to Mickleton, where once lived Richard Graves, a notable Antiquary and the friend of Hearne. His younger son was that Richard Graves who wrote the *Spiritual Quixote*, and, indeed, the scene of the story opens in Mickleton itself. In all our walks we come to little towns and villages whose churches are in the gift of some Oxford College; we seem to turn in no direction that does not bring us somehow back into touch with the place.

In one church there was a charming seventeenth-century tablet to a young M.A. 'of Exceter Colledg Oxford,' with a little group of stony-painted books on the top of it to show that he, at any rate, was a literary character.

In Mickleton Church, too, we dropped a tear upon the funeral urn of the curate's daughter, poor Utrechia Smith, the friend of Richard Graves and of his friend, Shenstone. The sad little tale of her gifts and accomplishments, her disappointment in love, and her early death can be read in the *Life of Shenstone* by his friend Graves. She, like

Mary Astell, was thrown over by a faithless cleric.

Besides the pleasure that we derived from what Sir Henry Wotton would have called 'these evagations,' we revelled in the quiet of the hills. It is the first time that John and I have been so entirely alone, for, as Mrs. Oglander explained to us, 'I am not sending you to a place like that Swiss hotel which put amongst its attractions that "Lovers of Loneliness flock here from all parts."'

I have been moved to write in my red book, 'Life's chiefest blessing is an understanding husband.'

Full of health and vigour we returned by Stow-on-the-Wold and Burford, and by the borders of Wychwood Forest, where the Scholar Gipsy plucked his flowers.

And so back to a strangely quiet Oxford; to deserted lecture-rooms and to silent quadrangles.

It is rather like returning to a home from which the children have all departed. Some of the nurses are left in the shape of Dons who have not yet betaken themselves to the four corners of the earth, and the Parks are still fairly full of the married sort whose children are yet at school.

We are waiting for the Christening on St. Patrick's day, and then we too shall go.

I wandered this morning round the book-shops, and found them appropriately filled with guide-books for every country in which it is conceivable that a wandering Fellow might wish to enjoy his vacation.

While I was hanging over these I met Aunt Camilla—'For it is only,' says Mrs. Oglander, 'in the very deadeast part of the Long Vacation that you are not sure to meet some one that you know in an Oxford book-shop'—and I fell in for one of her trenchant disquisitions on the deterioration to be observed in the manners of the present generation.

'It astonishes me, my dear,' said she, 'to observe that young man, to all outward seeming a gentleman, who is actually consuming tobacco in a pipe, although he can hardly fail to be aware that he finds himself in the presence of ladies; when I was young such a proceeding was quite unheard of. My father greatly disliked the habit, under any circumstances: if my brothers desired to indulge in the practice, they invariably retired to the harness-room. To have smoked in our presence they would have regarded as something quite inconceivable.'

I was glad that the offending man was no

acquaintance of mine, and I remembered, with a feeling akin to shame, the scent of tobacco which clings about our own apartments.

‘But the manners of to-day are so changed,’ went on Aunt Camilla, ‘from those that prevailed amongst the educated classes in my day; I am ceasing to be astonished at anything that I see or hear.’

Here the man with the pipe was joined by another with a cigarette in his mouth. Fragments of their conversation, mingled with smoke, floated towards us.

‘I say,’ said one, ‘I’m going to Tiflis this vac: I wish you’d come with me.’

‘All right,’ said the other, ‘I’m your man. When d’ you start?’

How differently would not the late Sir Willoughby Outhwaite have projected such a journey!

I tried to find out from Aunt Camilla, when she permitted me to escort her from this scene of vulgar indulgence, whether she had any theory as to the causes of the decadence in present-day manners. Is it simply to save time that we have become so abrupt and word-saving? Or is there some other and subtler reason for the change? When, I wonder, did the habit first grow on

us? When did we first begin, for instance, to think that 'Yours sincerely' or even 'Yours' was ending enough for all our letters? No Frenchman or Italian adopts, even in the language of commerce, our short and snappy method. Lately I have been reading the letters of Sir Henry Wotton, and how beautifully he knew the way to round off a letter until it became almost a benediction. 'In the meantime and ever, our sweet Saviour keep us in his love.' Is not that a charming ending?

Aunt Camilla and I shook our heads together over this sad loss of all the little graces which add so much to the agreeableness of life.

We met again at the baptism of Patrick Burke Enderby. This was a most pleasant ceremony, though it was, doubtless, as my Antiquary remarked, 'enough to make all the Fellows on the old foundation turn in their graves.'

'A christening in our chapel!' they would have said; 'disgusting! We shall see perambulators in the quadrangle and children playing in our groves next, we suppose. This is what comes of permitting Fellows to marry.'

A beautiful, gilt rose-water dish did duty

as a font, and a Fellow of the College performed the ceremony. The Master stood as one godfather, so that the boy received a double baptism into Church and College. One would have felt no surprise if he had been audibly made 'A Member of this University.'

His christening cake was cut in the Common Room, and he appeared, at any rate in his mother's eyes, to take much pleasure in his early introduction to his future College.

A College Gaelic Society had presented him with a silver bowl suitably inscribed in that language, and my Antiquary, who displayed the liveliest interest in and knowledge of the way of babies, himself bestowed upon him a coral and a bell.

Sheila and Brigid, the little twin-sisters, fluttered about him like beatific angels.

The next day we went once more to the Congregation House to see the induction of the new Proctors for the ensuing year.

I was glad that we stayed to see this. I think that, perhaps, of all the delights which Oxford has to offer to the stranger within her gates, her ancient ceremonies are the most completely delightful. For this one we enjoyed again the beautiful setting of the Congregation House, the dim lighting

and the background of panelled walls. Again I took an ignorant delight in the sound of the sonorous Latin. Listen to the description of what happens, as it is written in the *University Statutes* :—

‘ § 4. De Procuratoribus admittendis.

‘ 1. In Termino S. Hilarii, die Mercurii in nona hebdomade pleni termini, sicut hoc verbum in Statt. Tit. VI. Sect. 1. F. § 9, cl. 6, definitum est tempore pomeridiano, superioris anni Procuratoribus in domo Convocationis sellas suas capessentibus, exsurgens senior Procurator gesta illius anni, quæcunque occurrerint memoratu digna, brevi oratione percenseat; deinde uterque officiorum suorum insignia, scilicet Statutorum libros, et clavium fasciculos, coram tota Convocatione deponat.’

Now all this we saw performed before our eyes. We saw the two outgoing Proctors laying down the badges of their office, and we heard the long Latin valedictory speech of the Senior Proctor, in which he recounted all the chief events of his year.

We saw the new Proctors ‘et præeunte Bedellorum altero, habitu gradui et officio competente, solenniter deducti Domino Vice-Cancellario per Præfectos Collegiorum suorum, vel Collegiorum in quibus electi sunt,

eorumve Deputatos, ad officia sua præsententur'; that is to say, that we saw them, attended by their chosen Pro-Proctors, and by as many of the Members of their own Colleges as saw fit to accompany them. We heard the Vice-Chancellor address them in this solemn manner, after they had been introduced to him by the Heads of their respective Colleges: 'Magister, tu dabis fidem, quod ea omnia et singula quæ ad officium (senioris vel junioris) Procuratoris istius Universitatis spectant, bene et fideliter, et indifferenter, quatenus te et officium tuum concernunt, omnimoda partialitate seposita durante tuo officio, exequeris; et executionum eorundem per Deputatos tuos, quantum in te est, procurabis.'

To this we heard them reply 'Do fidem.' Then we saw the new two taking over the seals and the keys and the books of the first two, and changing hoods with them. The Proctors wear white hoods, and their gowns have sleeves and facings of black velvet; the gown, too, has a little tag upon the shoulder, and, with bands on the neck, the Proctor presents a very fearsome appearance. I tell you all this, for I am sure that you led such a virtuous existence up here, you never could have known what it means to 'be

progged,' as the graceful language of to-day describes an enforced visit to the Proctor.

After all this was over Convocation dissolved. 'Dimissa autem Convocatione, Procuratores una cum Magistris, Vice-cancellarium domum suam deducant; deinde Magistri utrumque Procuratorum, primo seniore, dein juniorem, Bedellis præeuntibus, ad Collegia sua deducant.'

That is to say, that we all, including the young families of the Proctors, who were interested spectators of the scene, went home again.

And now we too must take up our Baedekers and go; saying 'Good-bye' until next Term to the Beloved City, and 'Farewell for always' to our happy home in Holyfields Court.

THE SUMMER TERM

Salve Termine summe Terminorum
infinitaque Termini voluptas !
salvete, hospitium recens, sorores,
consobrinae, amitaque, ceteraeque.
consobrina placet domi forisque :
dulces, si modo mutuae, sorores :
placandasque amitas, puer, memento,
si vis conloquio frui puellae.

Salve Termine summe Terminorum,
O conferte gravisque inanitate,
O dulcedine perlaboriose,
Saturnalia dissipationis !

Σ, 'Terminalia,'

in the *Oxford Magazine*, June 11, 1890.

THE SUMMER TERM

PARK TOWN,

April

IF I were to head this third and concluding part of my long letter to you properly; if, that is to say, I were to consult the Calendar at the beginning of my maroon-coloured volume, I should write 'Easter Term.' This is the proper name for what every one calls the 'Summer Term,' every one, that is, who belongs to the frivolous world, and, for this Term only, I mean to be of that world.

20. M. Easter Monday. Bank Holiday.

Bodleian Library and Radcliffe Camera reopen.

Thus runs the Calendar, but the entry leaves me cold, and seat 154 is untenanted by me.

I turn from the *University Gazette*, whose pages I once scanned so eagerly for notices of Professorial or other lectures, to many of which I went with such ardour and with so high a sense of the privileges which were mine.

I am busy settling into our new little summer home. All the world here has summer visitors, and we must do as all the world does.

‘If possible,’ Mrs. Enderby said to me once, ‘a Summer Term visitor should be beautiful, an exquisite blend of April gaiety and changefulness and of May bloom and radiance.’

Do you remember Rachel Carleton? If you do remember her, and once seen it is not possible to forget her, you will know that in securing her I have secured an ideal summer visitor. There was nowhere in our dear little Holywell home where one could put such a radiant vision, so we have come up here to a small furnished house, and I am ‘settling in.’

For this Term, then, we are ‘North Oxford Residents,’ but, although we are in villadom, we are not quite of it. These houses, I think, must have been built, or, at any rate, have been building, when you were here. We look out upon almond-trees in front, and towards the river and the hills at the back.

We have a little raised terrace upon which all our front doors open, and all our surroundings have a pleasant air of old-fashioned gentility about them.

My getting-in operations are assisted and



OXFORD FROM THE NORTH

superintended by a certain Mrs. Noy. She tells me that I am 'without exception the nicest lady she has ever had to do with.' I should feel more puffed up about this if she had not said the same thing to Mrs. Enderby and to Mrs. Bent, who recommended her to us. Her reason for liking John is such an odd one. 'A real nice young gentleman,' she says he is, 'and such an affectionate husband, why, he's no sooner in the house than he's a-hollerin' for you, ma'am.' I incline to think that Mrs. Noy intends to stay with us through the Term, and, if she does mean to stay, she probably will.

One thing that endears her to me is that her attitude towards Oxford is so like my own. She herself is an Oxford woman born and bred, and she frankly despises any one whose origin is not equally to be envied. In some bygone moment of youthful passion and weakness she married a Cornishman—the late Mr. Noy—about whom she is reticent, and over whose career I judge that it is best to draw a veil. She rarely alludes to him, and only as 'my pore 'usband,' or simply as 'Noy.'

What she really does like to talk about, though she is more indifferent to the subject of a talk than to the talk itself, is Oxford.

‘I always say,’ says she, ‘that there’s no place like it, no place like it, not if you was to search the world over. My sons, now, they’ve gone off to London. I always says to ’em, “Whatever you can see in London I can’t think,” I says; “there’s nothing to be compared to Oxford in the whole on ’t.” But, bless you, ma’am, they don’t see it, no, ma’am, nor won’t. Well, there’s no place like it, nor never will be again.’

How could I bring myself to exchange for a mere conventional domestic one whose soul is so akin to my soul?

She says that she can ‘do for us,’ with the assistance of a young housemaid, ‘seeing as you are considerate people and often out to meals.’ ‘Grand meals,’ she says, ‘she could not undertake nor ever would, but if your good gentleman should want to bring another gentleman home to dinner, you have but to put your head down the kitchen stairs and say so, and an extry pudding or such always shall be ready. I’m not one nor ever was to prevent young people from enjoying of theirselves natural-like, and what the ’usband says the wife must do, and I was always one to turn my hand to anything, as my last mistress, bless her! used ter say ter me afore I married. “Jane,” she’d use ter say (for

though my christened name is Maria she'd always call me Jane, her own name being Maria, d'you see?), "Jane," she'd use ter say, "in losing you I loses a treasure"; and I'd say, "Ma'am, I knows it, but marriage is foreordained and not ter be got out of." "Jane," she'd say, "you're a good 'ooman, and may be a blessing and have a blessing," she'd say; and blessings I have had, though not without cursings too, for troubles every one is bound ter have, though I hope indeed, ma'am, that yours may be but few and far bytween.'

When Mrs. Noy had arrived at this point my manners usually forsook me and I departed in haste.

I have also secured the services of a young maid. One was sent to me whose name is Anne Page, and it is obvious to the meanest intelligence that, on learning this fact, nothing was possible for me but to take her at once. She is not of the awe-inspiring kind, who can say 'Not at home' to visitors in a lofty manner, when well aware that you are grubbing in the back-garden; our Anne is of the homely and candid variety, which is far more suitable for us simple folk.

Our household is completed by the presence, from seven o'clock to nearly nine o'clock, of

a 'Morning's boy.' In his case, also, his name was his chief attraction for us, until we came to love him for himself, although it took me some time and John some intelligence to discover its rare beauty.

His mother brought him to apply for the place, and to extol his virtues and his singular suitability to our service.

When she had perorated on these at some length, I sought to stem her by addressing the candidate himself.

'What is your name?' I asked.

And he answered:

'Lonzowilkezzumpleasum.'

'What?' said I, disregarding all that I was ever taught of manners.

'Lonzowilkesum,' repeated he.

Fortunately John was a bystander at this interview, and he translated. Speaking, as he always does, to the point, and possessing a brighter intellect than mine, he said:

'His name is Alonzo Wilkes; we must have him.'

His mother said that he would be at our service before school-hours on ordinary week-days, and on Saturdays he would stay longer and 'lend a hand or run errands for us.'

'Does he,' said I, 'know all the Colleges,

should I require him to take notes to any of them for me ? ’

‘ Bless you, yes, ma’am,’ said she, ‘ he do know them all, right down to Mansfield and Manchester.’

And this, dear, is more than you would know, for Manchester and Mansfield did not exist in your day of unrepealed Test Acts.

So now I am as well equipped with service as most of my neighbours. Do you remember that definition of Oxford as a place of residence which we once heard ? ‘ Such a good place to live in, for no one has more than seven hundred a year.’ This may not be quite so true as it once was, but the dear place is still blessedly free from the presence of the very rich.

A good deal of our time this Term will be spent on the river. When I say ‘ the river ’ in this connection, I mean the Cherwell ; that is the name of the little river which runs at the back of our house. We have rented a boat with the house, and at all available moments we shall unhook the two keys which hang beside our front door, we shall walk along the little terrace and down the steps at the end, turning under the archway which divides our terrace into two halves. Then, with one key we shall unlock a little

gate in a fence and enter on the long path which leads down to the boat-house.

Here, too, does John propose to bathe bright and early on spring and summer mornings.

But all this is for the future ; at present we are wrapped in snow. This sounds impossible, but it is absolutely true. I shall soon begin to regret that I did not come prepared with my snow-shoes for use in the merry English spring-time.

So great a snow-storm as this is hardly known here at any season, and now it has come on the first day of Term when, of all days in the Academic Year, it is least welcome.

Crowds of young people are arriving from all directions, and amongst them all is our summer guest—our Rachel.

I think I had forgotten how very beautiful she is. Wrapped in her white furs and seen against the snowy background, she looked like a snow queen when John brought her at last to our humble door.

Being what she is, as merry and as wise as she is beautiful, Rachel had enjoyed the manifold delays and discomforts of her journey through the snow ; it seemed, she said, only right and natural that Paradise should be gained with difficulty, and she means, she



OXFORD IN THE SNOW

says, to find a Paradise with us here in Oxford.

She shows a most charming disposition to like what we like, and she is as eager as I am, if that were possible, to get at the very heart of Oxford.

‘Don’t show me all the ordinary things, will you, Bridget?’ said she. ‘Let me imagine them and think that I have seen them, or let them sink into me unconsciously. Don’t leave me to the enjoyment of the merely obvious, but do let me find out, partly from you and partly for myself, those little nooks and corners that must exist here; they will be like precious pearls upon a string for me to take away with me. You can make pictures of them all for me.’ For it was always a firm belief with Rachel that I am an excellent artist.

My pleasure in all my little researches is thus doubled by the presence and the appreciation of another; trebled, in fact, for now, wherever I go, I carry my foreground with me.

If Doctor Johnson was right in his remarks about good inns as important adjuncts to the best scenery, how important it must be for any one who is anxious to view all things from the picturesque point of view, to have

so exquisite a foreground. And, contrariwise, how much an appropriate background enhances the charms of the most beautiful figure. I always knew that our Rachel was lovely, but I never, I think, fully realised how lovely until I saw her standing against the mellow greyness of an Oxford cloister wall.

Again, this wonderful friend and cousin (for whether she belongs more to me on the score of our ancient friendship, or to John because of her distant cousinship, is indeed a fine issue) has the enviable faculty of looking at her best under circumstances which would be disastrous to the good looks of most of us.

Yesterday at breakfast-time John was moved to speak. 'I suppose,' said he, 'that you will neither of you be down to breakfast with me to-morrow morning?'

'Why so?' said we.

'Because,' said John, 'those who get up at four o'clock usually stay in bed to breakfast, unless they are very strong-bodied as well as strong-minded.'

'But why does my learned kinsman think that we are going to rise so early to-morrow?' said Rachel.

'Because I thought that you were under

vows to experience each sensation that Oxford had to offer,' said John.

'Is it then,' said we, 'an Oxford custom to rise thus early once in the year? And why to-morrow?'

'To-morrow,' said John, 'each woman in Oxford borrows her cook's alarum, rises from her bed at four o'clock, and repairs to, Magdalen.'

'And what, pray, does she do there?' said I, though now I began to understand and to remember things that you have told me, but it is so good for John to exercise his tongue, I would not stop him for all the world.

'When,' quoth John, 'she owns a husband who says little but thinks much, and whose whole endeavour it is to find favour in her eyes, or a cousin whose one wish it is to please her, she finds herself possessed of tickets which enable her to enter Magdalen Tower and to climb to the top thereof, if she's sure that she feels up to it.'

'O John,' we said, 'you really are a most excellent man. Of course we will arise and greet the May morning sun from the top of Magdalen Tower.'

Now it is on this account that I told you how Rachel always looks her best at moments when one might least expect it of her. I,

in my own mind, likened her to some early Italian angel, I think to one of those rather pagan angels, in garments of many colours, that one loves so in the gallery at Perugia, but John inclined more to see in her a young Aurora poised on some mountain-top.

And what a time to look at her most beautiful !

It is very thrilling when the sun rises and the choristers burst forth :

‘ Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur :
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Cœlesti menten gratio.

Te adoramus, oh Jesu,
Te Fili unigenite,
Te qui non dedignatus es
Subire claustra virginis.’

Then the Magdalen bells began to ring and all was over until next year. It is inspiring to descend and to find oneself in the midst of a concourse of people, many of them with May horns. I thought so much of you, for here was a ceremony which you had so often described to me—have you not your own May horn to this day ?

But oh ! have you forgotten, in the remembrance of the exhilaration of five o’clock, the resulting depression in the middle of the

normal morning? That wonderful Rachel went on with John into the Iffley meadows to pick fritillaries. In my mind's eye I saw her stooping to gather the strange, snaky blossoms, but I and my body took themselves home to bed.

Even Rachel suggested that the afternoon should be devoted to some quiet occupation.

'Let me, Bridgetkin,' said she, 'look at some of these wonderful Oxford books of yours while you can be writing a faithful and true account of the events of the morning for your Grandfather.'

But neither of our projected occupations advanced very fast, because I was always looking at her and thinking how charming a picture she made as I caught her perfect profile against the greenery of our tiny garden, and she was perpetually interrupting me with some pleasant morsel culled from her book.

'Listen, Bridget,' she begins. 'I am going to make a list for my own reading in those wonderful libraries which you have shown to me: why should I alone lead a frivolous life in the midst of so much learning? I shall begin with a book called *Summer Excursions through Parts of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Here-*

fordshire, Derbyshire and South Wales, by Elizabeth Isabella Spence. A review of the period says that "Miss Spence is an agreeable traveller." I shall travel in her company, and accumulate wisdom after your own manner, Mrs. Bridget.'

Then when I am once more absorbed in trying to express myself to you :

'Bridget, Bridget, do listen to this, it does describe so exactly what I feel sure that you are now writing ; it is a review of *Letters from the Mountains ; being the real Correspondence of a Lady, between the years 1807 and 1809*—only the difference of a hundred years, Bridget, and it might really be your diary that was being described : "The charm of these letters consists in their being the artless effusion of a superior mind. There is sterling good sense in most of her remarks on books, manners, education, etc., and a great share of originality. She always appears to us in a light at once respectable and amiable." That's just what you do, you know ; they are the only faults that any one can see in you, your respectability and amiability. "Her understanding is strong, her fancy lively, her sensibility acute. She has the art of placing everything before our eyes ; we see her, we hear her, and we become

acquainted with her; and, when we shut her book, we seem to take leave of a friend."

'Now wouldn't you think,' said Rachel, 'that they were reviewing what your John calls "a dribbley book" of to-day? One of those fashionable compounds of personal reflections and impressions mixed up with a dash of sentiment and just as much fact as is likely to please the public? Now don't you go and perpetrate a dribbley book, Mrs. G.'

'But this isn't a book,' I objected, 'it's nothing but a wretched little diary for my dear Grandad to read.'

'Oh, don't add literality to those other two faults, my little dearest B., for I'm not at all sure that it isn't worse than either of them.'

'I am not your little dearest anything,' I retorted, 'and I won't, as Mrs. Noy would say, "be called out of my name, not if it was ever so, or nothing at all, for the matter of that."' '

But it is never wise of me to quote Mrs. Noy, if I wish for peace. Rachel is making a collection of the sayings of that wonderful woman, and she regards it as a sinful waste of opportunity to let slip any chance of adding to it.

'Every lady, that is a lady, naturally prefers her own 'usband before hother gentle-

men,' is one of the brightest gems in Rachel's collection, but 'Hevery Fellow,' my sister, she says to him, 'is, I should *'ope*, sir, at liberty to choose his own washerwoman,' runs it very close. This last is, of course, but the climax to a long tale relative to the inner working of colleges: it would need to be thoroughly well edited and annotated before even you could understand its full significance. John affects to prefer her description of a celebrated beauty: 'When all's said and done, she really wasn't much to look at, no more than what you might be yourself, m'm.' But my favourite is: "'Did Erasmus live hereabouts?" I says, answering 'im like, and seeing from 'is speech that he was a Merican, "I'm sure I don't know," I says, "for I keeps myself *to* myself and I makes no new acquaintance."'

Our entire household has naturally succumbed to Rachel's charm. Anne Page considers that there 'never has been a lovelier lady in Oxford nor 's like to be, than our Miss Carleton.' Mrs. Noy calls her 'a perfect picter,' and suggests getting 'a nice young gentleman as a 'usband for her, the same as you 've got for yourself, m'm,' as a suitable occupation for me.

Alonzo has announced his intention of

‘emigrating with Miss Carleton.’ Already I think that he sees himself lassoing wild buffaloes upon a boundless prairie, or finding a gold mine worthy of Rachel’s acceptance. It is at Rachel’s feet that Alonzo lays the bunches of fritillaries that should properly be laid at those of his generous employer, and it is Rachel that he has cordially invited to visit him in his home ‘down Jericho,’ but that, I tell her, is because she was so much excited on hearing that he lived in such an interesting neighbourhood and she expressed so charming a wish to visit the locality for herself.

It was to me, however, that Alonzo announced the fact of the birth of another Wilkēs.

‘How very interesting, Alonzo,’ I said. ‘When did he arrive?’

‘Just now,’ said Alonzo, ‘afore I come off here.’

‘And what,’ said I, ‘is his name to be?’

‘Halger’um,’ said Alonzo.

‘Algernon,’ said I; ‘that will be a very nice name.’

‘Halger,’ repeated Alonzo, with some irritation. ‘He was a hearl.’

‘Ah!’ said I.

‘In the Pageant,’ said Alonzo, in the tone of one who pitied my ignorance.

I took refuge from my embarrassment by asking how many children there were now in Alonzo's immediate family.

'Ten,' said he, 'and my father says that Oxford shan't never be without a Wilkes so long 's he can help it.'

It was John, as usual, who was called upon to translate and explain, and he told us the tale of Saint Frideswide and the sinful Earl Alger; he described to us how it was acted in the Oxford Pageant last year. Would that we had been here to see the history of Oxford played before her very eyes. It would have been very wonderful and delightful to have seen the Pageant itself, but what we should have enjoyed most would have been the chance meeting in the street with some mediæval student or some sturdy townsman, or even King Charles himself come back to lodge in Christ Church and to look for the Queen at Merton.

If I were an Oxonian of position and influence I would manage to inaugurate a species of yearly pageant. One week I should set apart in each year to be devoted to a special period in the history of the place. It should be death, during that week, for any one to appear except in the garb of that time.

But these be dreams, and I must return to realities.

Our particular reality just now is our party. This party is to serve as some return for all the hospitality that has been shown to us, and also as an introduction of Rachel to our Oxford friends.

It is 'a very important party,' as the Undergraduate wrote to Mr. Tristram when he wished to have leave to 'come up late.' 'I wish to stay down,' he wrote, 'so that I may attend a very important dance.' It is not to take place here, for our house is not large enough, our garden extensive enough, or our *servitù* sufficiently imposing for such an important occasion. So we have asked leave to borrow the Common Rooms at Sempitern; John has been made 'a member of C.R.' during his stay here, so he is entitled to ask for this privilege, and our party will be in a beautifully academic environment. Also the Common Room—which is panelled in dark oak—will form an ideal background for Rachel. I intend that she shall burst in all her beauty upon our assembled friends.

Just now she is engaged in curtsying to the new moon upon our tiny lawn. This, she assures me, will secure the success of the party, as it has never failed so far to bring

good luck, during the ensuing month, to that one who looks over her left shoulder and curtsies three times with all seriousness and solemnity.

If it is the man in the moon who arranges these things, and if he is as amenable as most men are to the influence of youth and beauty and consummate grace, our party will certainly go well.

I do not know whether it was owing to the man in the moon or to Rachel, or to the general pleasantness of everybody, but ours was certainly a most successful party. It was early in the Term, before people had time to record an engagement for every minute of the day or night. It was not too hot and not too cold, and it did not rain ; the Common Room man had provided a perfect tea ; Rachel was looking her loveliest ; John was, for him, quite in a talkative mood, and the feelings that remained to the party-givers was one of smug satisfaction with the world as God has made it, with things in general, and themselves in particular.

Even John enjoyed himself, though he pretended that he did not. He contended beforehand that the thought of any social gathering was abhorrent to his finer feelings, that the actual occasion agitated him,

and that the remembrance of it was a nightmare.

‘Remember, too, Bridget,’ said he, ‘that this party of yours is but as a little grain of mustard seed, that it may grow, will, in fact, inevitably grow, into a tree, each leaf of which is an invitation to the parties of others. Remember, oh my wife! that when parties come in at the door, studies fly out of the window. I was thunderstruck when you told me that you wished to burst out in such a manner.’

‘The thunderstriking is on the other foot,’ said I, ‘as the Undergraduate journal so beautifully put it. Did I not warn you that, for me, frivolity is the dominant note of the Summer Term?’

‘I, too,’ chimed in Mrs. Oglander, who was assisting at this talk, ‘did I not tell you how it would be? You cannot combine the life and interest of an Intelligent Tourist and of a Genuine Inhabitant: while you are engaged in examining the Objects of Interest your attention is diverted by a study of the more interesting living objects (I allude to myself and to others) that you see around you. You can’t, in fact, my dear, have it both ways. And speaking,’ said she, ‘of the Objects of Interest, reminds me of the

dreadful dinner to which we went last night.'

We begged her to relieve her feelings by telling us about it if it would make her feel any better.

'We were both,' said she, 'exceedingly tired, and that, I dare say, led us to take a jaundiced view of the entertainment. At any other time we might have thought it rather a nice party, but certainly the luck was against us in our partners. Picture to yourselves the fate that befell my poor man; tired to death and with a used-up brain he found himself flanked by two fresh, vigorous women, each with strong opposing views, and each equally determined to ascertain his. In vain did Thomas protest that he had no views, that he had not inherited any, and had not had time to evolve any for himself. In vain he tried to guide those relentless two along the primrose paths of talking about nothing at all in an amusing manner. Not they! Each had come to stay in Oxford, feeling that it is a place where intelligent opinions on all the great questions of the day should naturally flourish. Neither intended to waste her time in prattle.'

'Why didn't he agree with each of them in turn and thus dispose of both? It might

not have been quite right, but he would have won peace for himself,' said I.

'It's just what he did do,' said Mrs. Oglander, 'but he gained temporary peace at the cost of much suffering later. They had time to compare notes after dinner, for though opposed to each other in politics they were the greatest friends in private life, so they attacked him in combination and routed him and flouted him, until I was able to rescue him and bring home the remains.'

'And your own experience,' said I, 'was that equally trying?'

'That,' said she, 'was not nearly so bad. I had a dreadfully dull man on one side—husband to one of my poor husband's ladies. "There are, I suppose," he began, "many Objects of Interest to be seen in Oxford, many, that is to say, that are interesting on account of their associations with the Past?" When I had said, "There are, indeed," we seemed to be at the natural end of our talk. I think he expected me to give him a workable list of all that was most likely to prove rewarding, while he pursued his dinner without further mental exertion, but I did not feel equal to that, so I too made my way in silence. However, I had some compensations in my other partner; he was blessedly unintellectual,

and was full of pleasant laughter and of funny stories ; one of the after-dinner speaker who said that it was " impossible to tell where the warp left off and the woof began," was a very nice one, and there were many more which I have no time to stop and tell you now, and you, no doubt, have no time to stay and hear.'

'Don't you,' said she, as I let her out at our little garden gate, 'don't you find that running round after your distractingly lovely friend keeps you fully occupied?'

'I do,' said I ; 'it's a delightful occupation, but it really is hard work at times.'

'Well, I hope that it won't become too agitating,' said she ; 'but you must expect that there will be many lovers where there is quite so much loveliness.'

And, indeed, I am not sure that I may not find myself at any moment unwittingly embarked upon the relation of a romance.

However, I must tell you all things as they happen and must not rise into prophecy, for have you not often told me that of all pursuits this is the least profitable for any woman?

But it is not given to any woman, however little of an incipient prophetess she may be, to help being interested in a possible love-

affair ; it is in her blood to scent such things from afar off, long before a man, with equal opportunities for observation, has observed anything.

‘ John,’ I had said, some days after our party, ‘ I do hope it will be Mr. Tristram and not Mr. Smith that our Rachel will marry ? ’

‘ You startle me, Bridget,’ said John. ‘ When did she promise to marry them ? ’

‘ You are tiresome, John,’ I said. ‘ Of course they are only showing symptoms, but still they are serious symptoms, and it is well to be wise in time, and we are taking care of Rachel.’

‘ I have seen four-and-twenty lovers of Rachel,’ said John. ‘ I am quite prepared to see six-and-twenty, and yet not to be at the end of ’em.’

But when John gets to Browning it is always a sign that I have aroused his serious attention.

There is no doubt about it that, lovers or no lovers, the coming of Rachel has made a great difference to us, and, as Mrs. Oglander observed, the duty of running after her is no laughing matter.

Mrs. Noy is inclined, purely on my account, to be a trifle jealous of Rachel’s popularity.

‘ You must ’old up your head and assert

yourself, ma'am,' says this best of good souls. 'Such large ladies aren't to every one's taste; there's some like the master, as prefers the meek and lowly kind. "Little and good, Jane," that's what my last missus used——'

But when Mrs. Noy's last missus comes into the conversation I always manage now to slide out of it, for I fear that, if I stay, the moment will inevitably arrive when I shall find myself saying, like Mrs. Betsy Prig, 'Bother Mrs. Harris,' or I may even go further with that immortal woman and say, 'I don't believe there's no sech a person!'

Partly to prevent such a catastrophe, and partly to save time, Rachel has invented a patent plan by which either she or John always comes to the head of the stairs, at intervals of ten minutes or so, and calls down them, 'Bridget, Bridget, are you ever coming?' Then, if Mrs. Noy is dropping pearls and diamonds, I can answer, 'Coming, coming in a minute'; but if the day's supply of gems is exhausted and we are nearing the last missus, I can say, 'I come, I come,' and escape up the stairs.

Sometimes now I have to escape even when irrecoverable jewels are dropping fast from the lips of Mrs. Noy. Life is very serious for any one who wants to 'do' Eights Week

thoroughly, and to make the most of each opportunity as it arises.

I cannot, I think, give you a better description of Eights Week than by telling you that it is a species of glorified 'Torpids.' Oxford is full of strangers, of summer visitors and of tourists, and numbers come in from the country round or from London to see the races.

'It is our one opportunity,' says Mrs. Oglander, 'of seeing the latest fashions, but we can only envy and admire them and resolve to copy them next year, as our summer toilets are already on our backs.'

Then she added: 'That is to say, if the weather permits us to wear our best clothes; usually it rains and rains; those who come down from town in dainty muslins return in sodden rags. This year, in honour, doubtless, of your presence, it may be different.'

And different it is.

The sun shines delightfully, the water plashes and gurgles pleasantly, and all is as it should be in a world of summer gaiety.

On this occasion we are not permitted to spend much of our time on the tops of the College barges; somebody usually takes us up to see the start at Iffley, and river picnics

are the order of the day. Maurice claimed our presence once, and I felt that it was only fair that he should be permitted to show off Rachel to his friends, for he has really been very faithful to us. I think that he must have had to apologise to his young companions for seeing so much of such stuffy and altogether unsportsmanlike persons as ourselves. I can imagine that he might have said, 'My people asked me to see something of them, and they're not half a bad sort, you know, though of course they're not really *young* at all.'

Poor Maurice is not so gay as he was of yore: the shadow of the Schools is hanging over his young head. 'I can't think,' he says, 'why I was such a fool as to take Science. I never thought I should have to *work*. I thought it would be just stinks like it is at school, you know, not real swot at all. It's disgusting! there's no time to do anything sensible.'

'To do something sensible,' means, in Maurice's vocabulary, to play games.

Work he considers as a horrid waste of time, though it is, he supposes, a necessary evil which even he must endure in later life.

When we visited Maurice on his barge we

had tea first with him, and then we went on to another tea in the garden at Corpus.

Some of the many delights of this delightful week are the teas to which one is asked 'between the divisions.' I think I must have told you before that a capacity for endless feeding is one of the talents demanded of any one who wishes to enjoy himself here. Did I tell you, I wonder, the tale of the Irishman who came to Oxford from the wild West? He had always been told that English folk eat unnecessarily much and often, and that Oxford people carry this rule to excess. So he made a vow that he would eat only every other meal that was offered to him, and only alternate courses in each of those meals. 'And still,' said he, 'I ate too much.'

But what I may call the more spiritual side of these teas was very delightful.

Pleasant people, to most of whom one is known, a sprinkling of distinguished strangers, pretty ladies in pretty frocks, with a background of noble buildings and a setting of perfect garden, the blue sky over all—what more could a human creature want?

It has come to an end now, this time of ceaseless gaiety. It is difficult to realise that, through it all, the work of the Term

has to go steadily forward. When I turned to the 'Calendar for the Week' in the *Oxford Magazine*, strange indeed seemed the jumble of ways in which it was possible to divert oneself.

'Wednesday, May 27.

11.30 A.M.—Special Service in the Cathedral in Commemoration of Empire Day.

2-3 P.M.—First Public Examination: Names of Candidates to be given in.

2.30 P.M.—Town Hall: Concert and Public Meeting, under the auspices of the League of the Empire.

4, 5, and 6 P.M.—O.U.B.C. The Eights.

6 P.M.—Lecture by the Slade Professor of Fine Art, on 'The Water-Colour Drawings of Turner,' at the University Galleries.

7.30 P.M.—Worcester College Cinderella Dance.

8 P.M.—Theatre, 'Mrs. Ponderbury's Past.'

8.15 P.M.—Keble College Concert.'

A College Concert is a delightful thing to go to. I love to study Rachel's beauty under new aspects. To see her standing in some dimly-lighted quadrangle looking like a strip of moonlight all in white and silver, above her head the long strings of swaying, many-coloured Chinese lanterns, is to catch a wonderful impression of her. But then, too, I love

to see her dance, and here there are so many tall and personable young men for her to dance with, such cloisters for her to wander away in between the dances.

For, as Mrs. Oglander so justly observed, where there is so much loveliness there must come many lovers, and it is her loveliness that is but the least part of Rachel's charm. It is 'the way that she has with her,' that makes all the world her slave.

John has christened the garden 'Rachel's kindergarten'; he says that he never comes home without finding it full of such very young persons, all adoring Rachel according to their infant powers. Sometimes they are Rhodes Scholars; for the Pennsylvanians claim her for their state because her mother came from Philadelphia; but then one grandfather was a Bostonian and the other was from Virginia; and all the Canadians claim her, naturally, for the Dominion. I refuse to take sides, 'For you know, Rachel,' I say to her, 'that we always did call you Mixed Sweets at school.'

Once it was the Irish mother whose traits were uppermost, and it was I who returned to find an enthusiastic Gael sitting on the grass at Rachel's feet: he was reading 'The Lament of Emer' to her, and exquisite tears

were trembling on her lashes. Even the supreme gift of looking lovely in grief has not been denied to her; her nose never reddens, and she never swells as other women do when they cry.

It was given to Maurice to plan for her the ultimate sensation of Eights Week.

The last night of the races is given up to 'bump suppers' and to bonfires. The victorious crews entertain, at the first of these festivals, the crews that they have bumped; great, no doubt, is the merry-making and the speechifying. It was not possible for us to watch the feasting or to hear the speeches, but Rachel expressed a desire to go out and to see what we could of the bonfires. It was then that Maurice had an inspiration.

'You said that you wanted to go to the top of our tower,' said he. 'I wonder if I could get any one to take you up that night, then you'd see any fires that were going; you wouldn't funk going up in the dark, would you?'

'Funk it!' said Rachel, and her eyes shone. I knew then that the expedition would surely take place.

How Maurice managed it I do not know. There had, of course, as he expressed it, 'To

be a Don in it ; but some of ours aren't half a bad sort.'

The one who came with us must have been an admirable sort ; he had not even the consolation of gazing at Rachel as we stumbled after him up the stairs.

'Do I carry the moon in my pocket ?' muttered John, who came last, and whose inches were all against his comfort.

We were allowed a little fresh air and rest on the chapel roof, whence we looked down upon the steep roof of the treasury and upon the little passage-way which was made for Queen Henrietta Maria when she and her Court lived here in Merton, and the King and his were in Christ Church. She went through Corpus, and there is still the little gate in a wall at Christ Church by which she finally entered.

'I wonder,' said Rachel, 'whether she ever enlivened herself by scaling the tower ! Let's pretend to be Royalist ladies looking out over the meadows for possible traces of the Puritan army.'

I wish that I could conscientiously describe to you how Oxford looks from Merton tower, when she spreads her gardens to the moonlight, because I really was able to fancy how very beautiful she would have been had we

been there when the moon was up. But you would turn to that University Pocket Diary with which I have myself supplied you, and you would see that for us there was no moon that night.

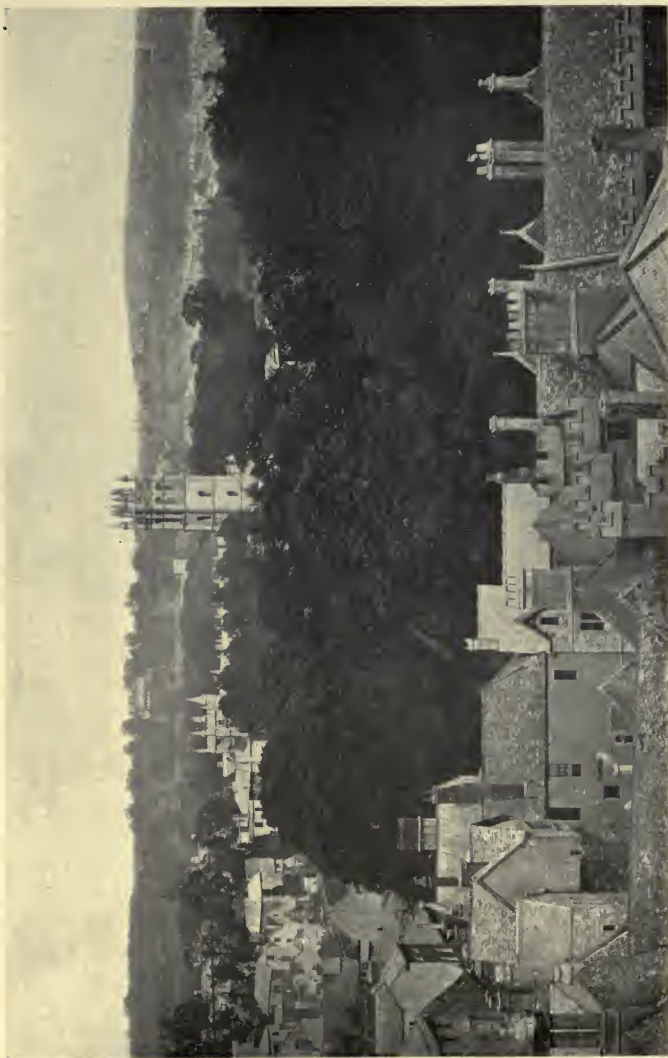
‘Facts, Bridget, facts!’

And indeed the facts were beautiful enough. All was dark below us and about us: there was a wonderful still radiance in the sky, and against it rose Magdalen tower dark and slender. Then the fires began and flared up gloriously into the darkness at our feet. There is something so wonderful about the way in which the Oxford stone takes on a reflected glow. I have seen the grey walls and towers flushing under a red sunset until they were for all the world like dolomite peaks and pinnacles.

‘What a pity,’ said Maurice’s Don, ‘that there is not a fire in the middle of the street at the East Gate as there was once, during a popular rejoicing; how it would light up Magdalen tower for you!’

A few rockets sprang into the air, but fireworks are sternly discouraged in this city of accumulated libraries and priceless treasures.

There were sounds of revelry as we came home through the town, and Wadham had



FROM MERTON TOWER

started an energetic little fire in the road, having no room for one within their gates. Then we came back to our own home in the quiet Northern suburb.

‘It has been a glorious finish to a glorious week,’ said Rachel. ‘I think that I would give a whole year of life if I could be an Undergraduate who had stroked a boat that made her seventh bump; what fandangoes I would dance around the fire amongst my crew; fancy what great glory I might come to; think of living to hear hushed whispers as I passed, “There goes the Captain of the Boats!”’

Now that Eights Week is over, and it is still some time before Commemoration begins, we must settle down again and try, as Rachel expresses it, ‘To be really Oxfordy.’

‘I will go now,’ says she, ‘to the Camera and pursue my studies at your side, Bridget; I suppose that John is prepared to swear that I am a Serious Student of some sort? Now will come my opportunity to read the works of Miss Elizabeth Isabella Spence.’

But in this disappointment awaited us. The Bodleian catalogue had a list of the other works of that esteemed author, but Rachel

did not wish to read *Helen Sinclair*, or the *Curate and his Daughter*, or *How to be rid of a Wife*, and she did wish to travel with her on her *Summer Excursion through Parts of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire*.

‘I long to find out,’ said she, ‘how Oxford struck the lady. I wonder whether she failed to call it “that elegant seat of Learning.”’

John has discovered for us an obituary notice of our authoress in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1832. ‘July 27. At Chelsea, aged 64, Miss Elizabeth Isabella Spence.’

‘Listen, Bridget,’ says Rachel, ‘to her melancholy little biography, and do not feel any surprise that I should want to disinter her works. “She early became an orphan, and then repaired to London to live with an uncle and aunt; but they dying also in the course of a few years, she was left completely alone.” What more natural, poor thing! than that she should take to her pen for consolation?’

I suggested as a remedy for this disappointment that she should take a consolation course of Celia Fiennes, but Rachel would have none of her. ‘No,’ said she, ‘your period shall be my period, oh my Naomi. I am going to follow your example, which is

none the less your example because you have departed from it yourself, and I am going to limit my reading to the early years of the nineteenth century. If I can't find anything to read in that, I won't read anything ; I will just do any mischief that my idle hands can find to do.'

A timely visit from my Antiquarian prevented such a catastrophe.

'We must see what we can find,' said he, 'to divert your fair friend.'

He returned the next day with all the choicest morsels from his stores.

'This,' said he, producing a slim green volume, 'is, I hope, Miss Rachel, well within your period. It is an account of *The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the Month of July 1826: Written at the desire of the Party by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty*. It is written in what I may perhaps be allowed to call the high-faluting style. The Chaplain evidently views the Lord Mayor and all that appertains to him with something of the slavish adulation that Mr. Collins felt for the Lady Catherine de Burgh. Have I your permission, Mrs. Goodenough, to read some extracts to you ?'

'Thank you,' we said ; 'it will give us great pleasure if you will do so.'

So he began :—

“ On the morning of the 25th, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Chaplain, left the Mansion House soon after eight o'clock.

“ The private state-carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful ; indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high-spirited and stately horses,—a circumstance somewhat unusual ; for, in the Lord Mayor's carriage, a postilion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay ; and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained.

“ As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away ; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders ; but at that steady

and majestic pace which is always an indication of real greatness."

'I hope, my dear young ladies,' said my Antiquary, breaking off here, 'that I do not tire you; pray do not fail to interrupt me should you find that I fatigue you. Mrs. Goodenough knows that I am untiring when once I am mounted upon my favourite hobby-horse.'

'Indeed,' said we, trying to reply to him in the grand manner, 'you delight us exceedingly; pray proceed.'

'I will now read to you then,' said he, 'an indiscreet passage which led to the suppression of the book:—

"During this intermediate repast, the amusement of the party was exceedingly promoted by the ludicrous *entrée* of a lady of Oxford, who, though of great respectability, had yet overstepped all the usual ceremonies of introduction, in her eager desire to be admitted to the presence of the Lady Mayoress. Her manners and appearance were ridiculous; but one felt much regret on hearing that her talents, which were of the highest order, had been unhappily directed, and associated with too small a portion of common-sense."'

Then our friend gave us some passages of pure and unadulterated Collins:—

“ With every part, indeed, of this solemn building, wherein painting, music, and architecture are in such admirable unison, the Lord Mayor and his friends were beyond all expression gratified.” “ Amid much elegance and beauty, the Lady Mayoress attracted particular observation. Her Ladyship was arrayed in the most splendid manner, wore a towering plume of ostrich feathers and blazed with jewels.” “ The ladies, who, to the great gratification of the company, had sat longer than is usual at most tables, at length obeyed the signal of the Lady Mayoress, and retired to the drawing-room

‘ With grace,
Which won who saw, to wish their stay.’

The conversation was, however, in no degree changed in their absence. The Lady Mayoress and her fair friends had taken their share in it with much good sense and delicacy ; and their departure, so far from being succeeded by that obstreperous and vulgar merriment, or anything like that gross profligacy of conversation, which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraint of female presence, only gave occasion to the Magistrates of Oxford to express their wish, that, in the invitations to their

corporate dinners, arrangements could be made that would include the ladies."

'Then there follows a charming piece of moralising which I cannot find it in my heart to spare you.'

'We do not wish to be spared,' said we, so he continued:—

"There can be no question that the influence which well-educated and amiable females have upon society is immense. Among other important effects which it produces, it prevents that conversational mannerism which is otherwise found to characterise the social intercourse of men; and it promotes the observance of those little courtesies, on which so much of the comfort of life unquestionably depends."'

'And is there no more about the lady?' said Rachel.

'Indeed there is; she appeared again after dinner, and we have a detailed description of her. "She appeared to have passed the meridian of life; was in person somewhat *chargé d'embonpoint*, with a countenance of much drollery of expression, which had once been handsome. Her manners and appearance gave instant evidence that she was a most eccentric personage. The younger part of the company, indeed, were kept in a con-

tinual agony of stifled laughter ; so much were they amused with everything she did, and with everything she said. She revolved through the drawing-room like a vagrant comet in its orbit, sometimes taking her seat at the side of one lady, and then at the side of another ; at one time talking familiarly—for she was known to them all,—with every Doctor who had not adroitness enough to move out of her way : and at last edged herself in upon the sofa, already filled as much as comfortable session would admit ; where she closed her evening eccentricities by humorous converse with the venerable Chamberlain of London.”

‘ Now, if Miss Carleton wants an object for her reading,’ said my friend, ‘ might she not try to find out a little more about this remarkable lady ? She and her friends must long ago have passed away, so there would be no indiscretion or impropriety in endeavouring to trace her. Just think, Mrs. Good-enough, your respected Grandfather must actually have seen her walking the streets of Oxford in his Undergraduate days ! Good Mr. Cox, in his volume of *Recollections of Oxford*, makes mention of the book, but he says nothing about the lady. “ The striking feature,” says he, “ was the writing and

publishing of a really *serious account* of the journey." Then he adds in a note: "Had the said Chaplain been a wit, he might have made the narrative an amusing and interesting affair, and produced a book worthy to be placed on the Bodleian shelves with other valued itineraries." But I fancy you will agree with me in thinking that the merriment to be got out of the narrative is in proportion to the sustained pomposity and solemnity of its style. If Tom Hearne had been alive in 1826 what tales he would have had for us of the sayings and doings of the well-known Oxford characters of that day. The moral is, ladies, "keep diaries, and ever more diaries, for the benefit of those that come after you." But you will indeed think that it is time for me to stop when I begin to moralise.'

'Indeed, no,' said Rachel; 'we love the stories and we adore the morals, don't we, Bridget? Bridget is a good girl, she does keep a sort of diary.'

'Do not stop,' said I, while she was saying this, 'do not stop, but tell us something more.'

For one could see, as Mrs. Noy puts it, 'with half an eye,' that the pockets of our friend still bulged with books.

‘ Mostly pamphlets,’ said he, as he saw the direction in which our eyes were turning. ‘ Never collect pamphlets if you wish to remain happy and peaceful, the thought of the one that you cannot trace, or having traced, have failed to secure, is a constant source of disturbance. On the other hand, the final tracking down and making your own of one that you have long desired is indeed a pleasure. Each one that you come across sets you off hunting for another. Here are the *Pluck Examination Papers*, published in 1836 (I have lent *The Art of Pluck* to Mrs. Goodenough on a previous occasion). On the covers there are lists of books “ Lately published by H. Slatter, High Street, Oxford.” I have become possessed in time of nearly all of them.’

‘ And are they just as funny as ever they were?’ said Rachel; ‘ or has their wit grown stale?’

‘ Real wit is never stale; it only needs occasionally to be annotated and that you should understand something of the circumstances that gave rise to it. Now consider the interesting lights that you get upon the period from the following; it is one of the “ Questions in Moral Philosophy ” in the *Pluck Examination Papers* :—

‘ “ 8. Make clear the correctness of the

following reasons for cutting a man, according to Aristotle's doctrine of friendship in the *Ethics* :

“ A man may be cut because he has got on an old coat. Because he has got on a white hat in winter. Because he has taken to reading. Because he has splashed you out hunting. Because he has taken a scholarship. Because he advised you. Because you have found a new acquaintance. Because he would not go with you to W*** in a tandem. Because he would not get tipsy at your request. Because he has taken to wearing his cap and gown. Because he would not carry into chapel for you the second volume of *Jacob Faithful* ”—can either of you two ladies tell me who wrote *Jacob Faithful* ? “ Because he would not let you break your own decanter. Because he was spilled. Because he is against Dr. Hampden ”—do you know who Dr. Hampden was ? “ Because he shows the whites of his stockings.” ’

‘ Dr. Hampden ? ’ said Rachel, but I threw her a reproving glance.

‘ And can either of you,’ said our friend, ‘ answer this question ?

“ 4. Is the following a correct Sorites ?

“ All young ladies are agreeable ; all agreeable things are pleasant ; all pleasure is

uncertain ; all uncertain things are vain ; all vanity is good for nothing ; therefore all young ladies are good for nothing.” ’

But how should we know what a Sorites is ? So we turned the subject and said : ‘ And the rest of all those books that are advertised in Mr. Slatter’s list, is it they that are ready to hop out of your left-hand pocket ? ’

‘ Well, not quite all,’ said he, ‘ but here is one of them—among those relative to Oxford and its vicinity—No. IX., to be exact : *Oxford Night Caps, being a collection of receipts for making various Beverages used in the University*. Would you like to know how to make Oxford Punch, or Classical Sherbet, or Oxford Mull ? ’

‘ Nay,’ cried Rachel, looking over his shoulder, ‘ I would like to brew you a bowl of Metheglin or Mead.’

But I, looking over the other shoulder, thought that I should prefer to learn how to make ‘ Bishop,’ which is ‘ To this day preferred to every other, not only by the *youthful votary of Bacchus*, at his evening’s revelry, but also by the *grave Don* by way of a Night Cap ; and probably derives its name from the circumstance of ancient dignitaries of the Church, when they honoured the University with a visit, being regaled

with spiced wine.' It appears from a work published some years since, and entitled *Oxoniana, or Anecdotes of the University of Oxford*, that in the Rolls or Accounts of some Colleges of ancient foundation, a sum of money is frequently met with charged 'pro Speciebus,' that is, for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days, as well as the present, spiced wine was a very fashionable beverage.

'This, you see,' said he, 'makes you at once want to see *Oxoniana*. I have the four little volumes, and full of good things they are, but I could not bring them with me to-day.'

'And they, again, lead on to something else, I suppose,' said I, 'and so one is never without the wish to know a little more and just a little more about Oxford life and manners?'

'That is so,' said he. 'Here is a recipe for making "Lambs Wool," and you should be interested in that, for the book states that it "was anciently often met with in Ireland, but is now rarely heard of in that country, having been entirely superseded by the more intoxicating liquor called Whiskey." I will tell you how it is to be made: "Mix the pulp of half-a-dozen roasted apples with some raw sugar, a grated nutmeg, and a small quantity

of ginger. Add one quart of strong ale made moderately warm. Stir the whole well together, and, if sweet enough, it is ready for use." "Lambs Wool" again leads on to "Brasenose Ale," which is, or should still be, "introduced into the refectory on Shrove Tuesday, immediately after dinner; it is denominated Brasenose Ale, but it is, in fact, a species of Lambs Wool." Then talking of Brasenose Ale leads one to talk of the "Verses in praise of Brasenose Ale which were annually written by one of the Undergraduates and a copy of them sent to every resident member of the College."'

'And that, I suppose, leads on to the little red volume which I now see in your hand?'

We began to find ourselves taking up our cues with the intelligence and alacrity of female Sandfords and Mertons.

'Yes; this is a collection of the Shrove Tuesday rhymes from 1815 to 1836. They are, of course, very topical, and not of a very high order poetically; but they are interesting to any one who has made himself familiar with the Oxford names of that period.'

With this our friend ended his book talk for the day.

'I suppose,' said Rachel, 'that there are

few corners of Oxford which have not been explored and written about and enthused over ? ’

‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ I am not so sure about that. I expect that even some of us old stagers can say with a modern Oxford poet :

“ I will take you walking with me to a place you have not yet seen.” ’

‘ And where was that, in the poem ? ’ said Rachel.

‘ To walk by the canal :

“ Half town and half country—the lonely land of the Canal.

It is dearer to me than the antique town : I love it more than the rounded hills :

There is no river so straight or so unearthly as the long Canal.” ’

After this Rachel insisted that we should then and there walk by the canal, so we took our friend back that way into the town. We enjoyed the length and the straightness and the view of the stately house of the Provost of Worcester, which one sees so well from the canal bank ; the old houses by Hythe Bridge, and the many-coloured barges. This was the first of a series of little walks that we three went together.

‘ I cannot show you,’ said our guide, ‘ anything very great or wonderful that you have

not seen already, but we will go to some of the little nooks and corners which you may easily have overlooked. Sometimes, too, in going over the most familiar ground, one experiences a new sensation.'

Certainly we did experience, on one of our walks with him, a sensation which we might very easily have missed.

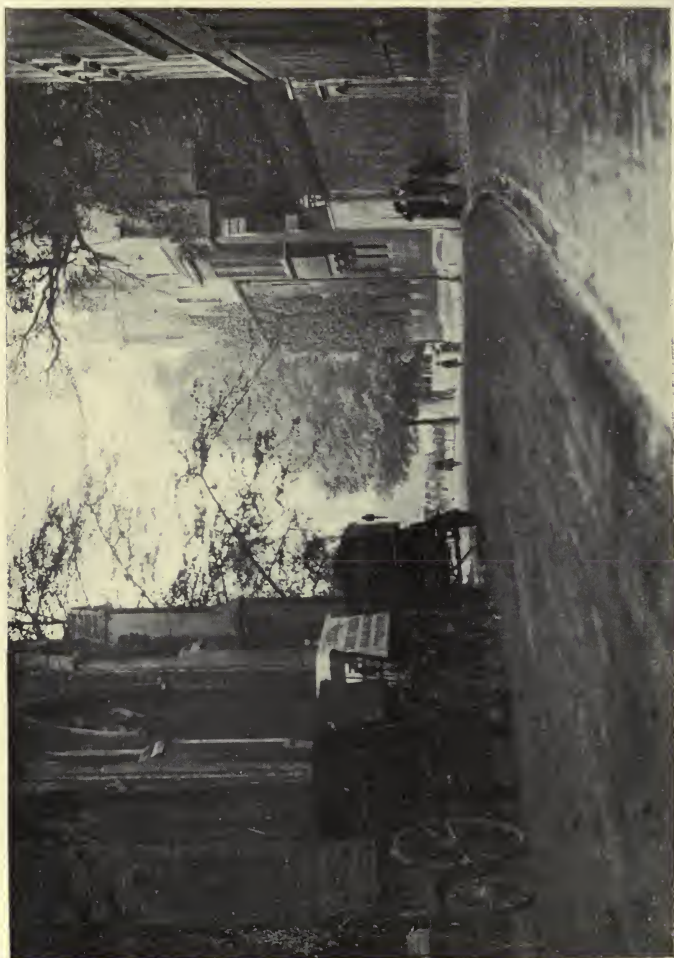
Mrs. Oglander says that, long as she has been here, and regularly as she has shopped in the market, she has never yet come upon the clerks of the market going their rounds.

I turned to my old University Calendar to learn what I could about the duties of 'clerks of the market.'

'For the better care and government of the market, there are two persons, called clerks of the market, chosen out of the Masters of Art and Bachelors of Divinity, Law and Medicine, every year, in the first Congregation after Michaelmas. These clerks are to take care of the assize of bread, to attend to the weights and measures, and the prices and quality of provisions, to superintend the sale of hay and corn, and to amerce regrators, forestallors, etc.'

And it was our good fortune to see them in the performance of their duties: there were two stately persons, one in a Doctor's

MARKET CARTS



gown and one in a Master's, and there was an official who carried the weights and measures. We joined the interested little crowd which followed them round, and we watched them weighing butter at the stall of a countrywoman. When her butter turned the scale well, we all wagged our heads and said, 'Good weight that!' with purrs of approval.

It is a delightful market at all times, but it is especially so on Wednesdays and on Saturdays, when the people come in from all the country round.

'Have you ever noticed,' said our friend, 'the names on the long line of carts which stand under the Church of St. Mary Magdalene? Islip and Ewelme, Stanton Harcourt and Stanton St. John, Water Perry and Water Eaton, names that are romance itself, and what memories they recall of Oxford's ring of lovely villages.'

Rachel has a dream which is, she knows, from lack of time, fated never to come true: she dreams of mounting each of these carts in turn and trundling slowly out in it on some Wednesday to return again on a Saturday. 'I should carry my few necessities,' she says, 'in a handkerchief, preferably one with a blue ground and white spots, and I would

ask the carrier on the way whether he knew of some poor but clean and respectable widow who would let me a meek lodging. He would probably reply that his own mother was such a widow and he would drive me to her door : she would be a most motherly woman, and I should be very happy.'

'What would be the first village that you would visit in this wise?' we asked of her, and she answered, 'I would go first to Broughton Poggs, because I cannot really believe that any real place has so unbelievably beautiful a name.'

We wandered, under this friendly guidance, into remoter parts of the city, through Paradise Square, where the Enderbys live, and into the quiet little spot called 'Chapel Place,' which leads out from the square. Some day we will go to a service at the little chapel which says so simply, 'You are cordially invited,' and adds that there is 'No Collection.' We went on down 'The Friars,' a district which keeps in the names of its streets and courts some memories of the vanished monasteries of the Franciscans and the Dominicans which once stood here in all their pride. The furthest point of this excursion was Abbey Place, with its view of the Castle tower, and we returned by



THE CASTLE FROM ABBEY PLACE

Bishop King's Palace into St. Aldate's. You will remember the beautiful old house in which lived the last Abbot of Osney, who became the first Bishop of Oxford.

When our Antiquary takes us for these walks he combines instruction with amusement in a perfectly charming manner. He is always impressing upon us the importance, if we wish to be truly happy, of looking out for and rejoicing in little things. 'Take care of the less and the great will take care of itself,' is, he says, his motto. He showed us how to look here and there for little traces that remain of former buildings or of their former uses; here was a doorway with the arms of Osney Abbey in the spandrels of the arch, and even in the Golden Cross, where we ourselves stayed, he could show us the arms of William of Wykeham and of Edward the Third, which we had not observed for ourselves.

'If,' said he, 'you had as many months to stay here as you now have weeks, and if you were able to spare much of that time for walking with me, I would take you to visit all the Oxford churches. As it is, I will lend you the third volume of Ingram's *Memorials of Oxford*, and you can look at the pictures in it and hope that some further opportunity

may be given to you to see something of the City of Oxford and its parishes. You should never fail,' he said, when he parted from us, after the last of our walks, 'as you walk along Magdalen Street, to look up at the little statue of Mary Magdalene in the tower of her church.'

Now all this while we did not neglect the river : whenever we could find time we fled down to the boat-house and dropped into our boat. You would not remember the Cherwell, except possibly as a river to walk by, for I do not think that any one ever rowed on it in your time. It is a charming little river, full of mysteries and surprises still, though it is sometimes uncomfortably full of boats. The banks rise gently on either hand, so that all which lies beyond is not displayed at once to your eyes, and you can imagine that the distance is more mysterious and beautiful than it really is. To-day I took Mrs. Oglander for a long-projected excursion all by ourselves : I to propel the craft and to make the tea, and she to have some two hours of the bliss of doing nothing.

'By which I mean,' said she, 'lying on my back in a boat, talking when I like and how I like, and being away from the sound of my front door bell. Sometimes,' she said,

‘ I think of heaven as a place where no door bell ever rings.’

‘ Poor thing ! ’ said I ; ‘ and has your bell rung so often, then, lately ? ’

‘ Oh, so often,’ she said ; ‘ peals upon the bell and carillons on the telephone. My head feels as though it lived inside a bell sometimes. Hardly had my husband disappeared round the corner on his way to College yesterday, and I was just launched into discussing food with the cook, than there came a ring at the bell. “ What is it ? ” said I. “ Some one to see Mr. Oglander, please, and he says that if Mr. Oglander is out you will do nearly as well, ma’am.” “ Very civil of him,” I said ; so I ran and took a message, and wrote it down before I had time to forget it. Then there came a call on the telephone. “ Mr. Oglander asks me to say, ma’am, that he is bringing two gentlemen back to lunch.” The cook and I counted the cutlets and found that there would be just enough. Then I went to a Happy Homes Committee, lots of troublesome business to arrange at once, with the certainty of more soon to follow. Then came a parent, wishful to talk about her son’s career : did I think that he was looking well ? did my husband consider that he was working hard ? We also discussed

every profession, possible and impossible, that he was likely to adopt or to be fit for.

‘While she was with me there came another telephone message: “Mr. Oglander says that there will be three gentlemen to lunch.” This was not inconsiderateness on the part of my man, but an old Member of the College, a former pupil, and meals are the only possible time to breathe and to see people. There was no time to add to the cutlets; I should have to say that I was a vegetarian, and eat the potatoes and the pudding. I returned from this interlude to take up again the thread of the parental conversation. Did I manage to see much of the precious boy? Did I gather that he had a circle of really nice friends? Did I not think it most important that a young man should have really nice men both above and below him in College? Of course I would have suffered all this gladly had he been one of our own men, but it was hard to have to listen to such talk about a member of some alien establishment. I wonder whether I shall fuss to such an extent when my boy is up?’

‘Of course you won’t,’ said I. ‘And did peace come to you after lunch?’

‘Peace!’ said she, in tones of scorn; ‘who

says Peace in the Summer Term, least of all on a Whit-Monday ? ’

‘ Oh, of course it was Whit-Monday,’ said I, ‘ and that was why Oxford was so full of people.’

‘ Ah,’ said she, ‘ you wouldn’t say that in such a comfortable, detached sort of way if you still dwelt in Holywell. I wonder that no one brought home to you the inner meaning of Whit-Monday. It was because of Whit-Monday that all those people turned up to lunch—they were Schoolmasters out on the spree, and old Members of the College who had brought their Mission people to see Oxford. Didn’t you realise that all the Settlements were here taking a refreshing peep at this peaceful Seat of Learning ? Heaven knows that one doesn’t grudge them the pleasure, but what is rest to them is often death to us. After lunch I played my little part : had you been on the river you might have observed me punting an overflowing punt full of happy people.’

‘ And after that ? ’

‘ After that I went to a party, and then to a lecture, and then people came to dinner because we too had our little quota of Whitsuntide guests : fortunately they were the kind who play about by themselves all day.’

‘ I wonder if Cambridge is like this too ? ’
said I.

‘ I expect it ’s the same—only different, as Barbara Enderby would say,’ said she.

‘ But,’ said I, ‘ you really like it all, don’t you, all the bustle, and the coming and going, even with the resulting tiredness ? ’

‘ Oh yes,’ said she, ‘ we do, but it ’s always pleasant to add a little grumbling as sauce to our pleasure.’

Then the talk turned to Rachel.

‘ I hope,’ said Mrs. Oglander, ‘ that your beautiful friend means to return to us for good : we live, you see, so much together here, that it is important to find in the wives of our friends, what Barbara’s aunt calls “ agreeable additions to University society.” But will Miss Carleton return, if she returns at all, as Mrs. Ferrers-Smith or as Mrs. Tristram ? ’

‘ Oh, I do hope,’ said I, ‘ that she will return as the latter. It is so much better to choose a husband who will regard her as the joy of his life and the object of his existence, and not as the finest feather in his cap or the chief ornament of his own career.’

‘ That is so,’ said she. ‘ Besides, if she comes to us at all, I should like her to marry

a Greats man. Mods people are so dull, and History men are usually conceited.'

'I wonder why?' said I.

'I expect it's knowing so many facts that puffs them up,' said she.

'And do you think that the same rule applies to Science men?'

'Of course it does, only more so; and then they work all night,' said she.

'I do hope that all will go well,' said I.

'I am sure that he loved her as soon as he saw her, but he is so dreadfully modest and shy, and the time is so short now, and he's examining in Greats, so that his opportunities of seeing her will be less than Mr. Ferrers-Smith's.'

'Doesn't she give you any clue at all to her feelings?'

'No, none; she is so charming to all of them. She did certainly own that she found Mr. Ferrers-Smith deficient in humour when he couldn't see that "A Short and Easy Method of Prayer" was a humorous title for a book. Now Mr. Tristram always sees one's little jokes almost before they are made.'

Had I not made an entry in my red book the night before, 'To appreciate each other's jokes is the surest foundation for a really happy marriage'?

‘ You don’t find that she talks Philosophy, do you ? ’ said Mrs. Oglander ; ‘ that is a really serious symptom.’

‘ She doesn’t exactly *talk* it,’ said I, ‘ but she certainly did say that she couldn’t miss going to Professor Logan’s lectures, and I don’t think that she can have understood them ; but then she has such a gift for throwing herself into things and caring so much about them, it’s almost as good as understanding them.’

‘ Could she tell you what it was all about when she came back ? ’

‘ She said it was about Monistic Altruism.’

‘ And you don’t think that she called upon Mr. Tristram to explain ? I suppose he went to the lectures too ? ’

‘ Oh yes,’ said I ; ‘ he generally walked back with her, and sometimes we had tea with him before.’

‘ And she didn’t tell you what they talked about when they walked back ? ’

‘ I remember she did say once that they had talked about Schopenhauer.’

‘ Oh, did she ? Well, I think you may make your mind easy ; it will turn out all right, I expect.’ So said Mrs. Oglander as she mounted her wheel and swept out of my sight.

And, indeed, it does look just now as

though events were moving in the direction that I desire to see them move. Rachel has, I find, arranged and matured a plan for what she calls 'an antiquarian outing for Bridget.' This is no less than a scheme for visiting the grave of my poor young friend of a hundred years ago, Barrè Roberts.

'I am sure that you won't feel really at ease, Bridget,' says Rachel, 'until you have seen the place where he lies and where he lived when he was alive, now will you? And I know that you will never allow yourself a day off from the hard task of looking after me, which you have imposed upon yourself here. And after Commemoration do not we all depart at once so that we may reach home in time for our own Celebration? Also do you not love to do the philanthropic thing?'

'Your arguments are unanswerable and your reasons all in order,' said I; 'pray hasten to unfold your plan.'

'Well,' said she, 'I have been saying to myself for some time, "I must contrive that my Bridget shall weep upon that young man's grave." Of course I knew that the simple way was to take the train, but then—how unromantic! I wanted you to go by the road, just as the poor boy used to come himself. Now there is an amiable young

man at Christ Church who has for a long time past placed himself and an admirable motor at my disposal. You are going, my sweet Bridget, to Ealing by the road that Barrè Roberts actually traversed when he came here a hundred years ago, and you are going to be taken by a Member of his own College. Do you not think that mine is what Mrs. Elton would have called "a delightful exploring party" ?'

'It is indeed,' said I; 'I shall enjoy it above everything. It is just like you to think of such a thing. But where, dear Manager, does the philanthropy come in?'

'It's Mr. Tristram,' said Rachel, and she blushed beautifully. 'Examining is dreadfully exhausting work when you've all your other work to do too, you know, and nothing does him so much good as being out of Oxford for a whole long day when he can't spare time to get away entirely. Mr. O'Malley is a great friend of his; their fathers were up together, though he is so much younger.'

Rachel was not so coherent as usual, but this I took to be a favourable symptom, and I accepted Mr. Tristram as an object for my philanthropy without further question.

'You are sure,' I said, 'that it's not too great a waste of his time for Mr. O'Malley?'

‘He says he will sit up all night and work,’ said Rachel, ‘for I did think of your sensitive conscience, my darling B.’

It seemed doubtful if he would, but I let my conscience be soothed, and, as Rachel said, ‘One can’t help enjoying things more when they’re not just quite right.’

‘And now,’ said she, ‘you can get out your big book and go over it once again, so that the flavour of it may be quite fresh. But I suppose you can’t expect to find Ealing just as it was in Barrè’s time: even if we could find the oldest inhabitant, he wouldn’t remember him.’

So I have returned once again with renewed interest to John’s gift. Shall I, too, I wonder, reach Ealing by Benson, Henley, and Salt-hill? This was the route which Barrè took when he came here first, on October 10, 1805. ‘I believe,’ he wrote to his mother, ‘we came by the best Inns, so, though I remember not their signs, I send you their names, as perhaps you may come by the same.’ I wish that he had remembered the names, for then, perhaps, I too might have stopped at them, but Botham and Dixon and Shrub—the three landlords—must long since have passed away.

You will not, I know, expect from me a

vivid description of the journey; it is no part of my scheme to furnish you with a motor romance, I, who do not know a sparking plug when I see one. All that I felt was a great uplifting and exhilaration as the counties flew by under our wheels. I will only assure you that our driver had a steady head, a sure hand, and a due consideration for the rights of other people. We started at nine o'clock and we returned at eight o'clock: we took our luncheon with us and we had tea at Henley. So much for the dry bones of our ride.

But I regard it as in some sense the end of my time here. I began my Academic Year with Barrè Roberts as a starting-point of interest in Oxford of a hundred years ago, and now I have seen all that remains as a witness of his time on earth.

When we were in the Cotswold country I saw this inscription on a tombstone, 'This stone is erected to commemorate the existence of ——' and that is really all, I suppose, that any stone can do for any one.

The old Georgian church, in which, no doubt, the Roberts family worshipped in all the exclusiveness of a square pew, has long ago been transformed into a pseudo-Byzantine edifice. I began to fear, when I

beheld it, that my Barrè's tablet might have vanished. Once, I dare say, it held a prominent position on the walls where his poor mother—the 'Madam' and 'Dearest Oselle' of the letters—could glance up at all that was left to her of her boy: there was no place for such an ornament in a scheme of Byzantine decoration.

But it had not vanished; we found it in a dark corner down by the tower, a tablet of white marble, with a delicate little mourning figure at the top and the Roberts' arms below. The pen of the Reverend William Goodenough supplied his epitaph:

INFRA SEPULTUS EST
 BARRÈ CAROLUS ROBERTS,
 FILIUS NATU MINIMUS EDWARDI ROBERTS, ARMIGERI,
 AEDIS CHRISTI OXONIÆ ALUMNUS.
 ADOLESCENS,
 CUM OB SUMMUM INGENIUM ET DOCTRINAM,
 TUM OB EXIMIAS ANIMI VIRTUTES,
 PERILLUSTRIS. FUIT ENIM
 MODESTUS, PROBUS, LIBERALIS,
 IN MORIBUS ET NATURA MANSUETISSIMUS;
 IMMO ETIAM
 IN VARIIS STUDIIS ERUDITUS,
 PRÆSERTIM IN REBUS ANTIQUIS ET NUMISMATIBUS;
 ADEOQUE DILIGENTER LITERIS DEDITUS,
 TAM RECONDITIS, QUAM ELEGANTIORIBUS,
 UT NEMO IN UTRAQUE PARTE ESSET ORNATIOR.
 CÆTERUM,
 QUO MAGIS ANIMI VIGUERE VIRES,

EO PARUM FIRMO CORPORI ABFUIT VALETUDO ;
 EX QUO, PROH DOLOR !
 PHTHISI PULMONALI LANGUENS,
 JUVENIS CARISSIMUS,
 NONDUM ANNOS UNUM ET VIGINTI NATUS
 KALENDIS JANUARIIS ANNO DOMINI MDCCCX
 MORTALIS ESSE DESIIT ;
 DIU DIUQUE LUGENDUS ET DESPERANDUS.

Thus, in the classic language that he loved, is commemorated the existence of my poor young friend.

I own that I felt some inclination to moralise to Mr. O'Malley on the happier lot which is his as a member of 'The House' in the present day, than was that of the Undergraduate of a hundred years ago. Barrè, says his biographer, 'sometimes hints with pain at the pedantry he witnesses, and the obstacles to his advancement in any studies but those which the rules of a College prescribe ; and he speaks with indignation of the exclusion to which, as an Undergraduate, he is subjected, from the magnificent Libraries with which Oxford is enriched.'

Well, we left him alone again at Ealing while we sped back to the place that he loved so well in spite of its pedantry.

How poor and small would my list of 'Books read during 1907-8' look beside

his list for the same period a hundred years ago.

He kept his list so neatly, and subdivided it so carefully into those 'To be read again,' or 'To be read at least twice more,' and to 'Be read much and often.' He was very honest with himself, for he duly enters the novels that he read as well as the more serious works :

'*Belinda*, a Novel, 12mo, 3 vol. *Fatal Revenge*, Romance, 12mo, 4 vol. *Mysterious Freebooter*, 8vo, 4 vol.'

I shall never, now, seek those forgotten romances at the Camera, where one is permitted to read novels 'for literary purposes,' but I can re-read your *Belinda*, when I return, in memory of Barrè.

Very soon now all Oxford will be but a memory ; we shall have said good-bye to the city of grey mists and circling waters.

Still on her spire the pigeons hover ;
Still by her gateway haunts the gown ;
Ah, but her secret ? You, young lover,
Drumming her old ones forth from town,
Know you the secret none discover ?
Tell it—when *you* go down.

Q., 'Alma Mater.'

COMMEMORATION

Of Life not Aristotle holds the keys ;
Kant cannot heal the heart that lies a-bleeding ;
Nature hath spread her book beneath the trees—
I have been reading.

Love walked beside me—prate thou not of books—
One fairer far than any sage was leading
My footsteps, master mine, and in her looks
I have been reading.

From the *Oxford Magazine*, Nov. 1892.

COMMEMORATION

I DO not quite know how I shall best describe to you the events of this wonderful week. How am I to put before you any coherent record of the many opportunities upon which I seized and of the many more which I let slip? To write in my red book was an impossibility, for no minutes were left to me in which to write. Life resolved itself into one great whirling moment of pleasure and delight.

I want to bring it all before you, and yet it is not possible for one person to enjoy to the full all its many pleasures. I shall take example, as I have so often done before, by Mrs. Oglander.

‘I should not be alive now and talking to you,’ she said to me on one occasion, ‘if I had attempted to do all that might be done here. Only by a judicious system of sorting out is it possible to live at peace in Oxford. Once,’ said she, ‘when I was young and newly married, I delighted in accumulating

engagements. I had never before been asked to sit on committees, and I joined with innocent alacrity any that I was asked to join ; I plumed myself on the number of tea-parties to which I could go in the course of the same afternoon. I loved to fill my days full to the brim, and to rush from one end of the town to the other. Time, however, brings wisdom to all but the most foolish, and you will find, dear Mrs. Goodenough, that you must collect what personal impressions you can, and for the rest you must trust to deputies.'

'Deputies ? ' I questioned.

'Yes,' said she, 'deputies. You must regard all those who go to the occasions that you can't go to, or that you don't want to go to, as your deputies. Make some of them tell you how the thing went off, who was there, and what they wore. If it's a party, they can tell you whether the music was good and the refreshments nice ; if it's a lecture, and they are able to give you an intelligent account of what the lecturer said (but this is *most* unlikely), so much the better : you can always fill in the details from the *Oxford Magazine* ; what your deputy can give you, if she's of any use as a deputy, is the flavour of the performance.'

‘ And you think,’ said I, ‘ that this will be quite straight ? That I shan’t, as Maurice Lynch says, “ be playing it too low down ” on my Grandfather if I send him an account of ceremonies at which I have not assisted, or parties to which I may not even have been invited ? ’

‘ I think,’ she answered, ‘ that it will be quite fair if you tell your Grandfather—and I conceive him, from your description, to be a person of sound sense—that, if you attempted to do all that ought to be done here in the height of our season, only fragments of you—possibly none of you—would remain for exportation to the Western World. How much better, then, it will be for you and for him and for us that you should follow my advice.’

So I have followed her advice, and here I am, fresh and gay and not a bit overdone. If you notice any awkward hitches in the style of my narrative, or any sudden deterioration in its quality, you must attribute it to the deputy of the moment. ‘ Please, Grandfather,’ I shall say to you in spirit, ‘ it’s the other girl’s fault, not mine.’

I wonder whether you ever stopped up for Commem. ? I should think that, had you done so, you would have told me about

it. Even if you did you would not have had the wonderful time that I have been enjoying. Even John has put aside his work and has given himself up to pure riotousness.

The only blots upon the general happiness are, as Maurice Lynch dolefully and rather reproachfully says, 'Us poor wretches with the Schools upon us. We can't go to balls and have a ripping time like you and Miss Carleton.' Here Maurice throws envious and would-be sentimental glances in Rachel's direction. He, of course, like all male creation, is a worshipper at Rachel's dainty shrine.

'Poor little soul,' says Rachel. 'We will take him on the cool river and give him his tea after it's all over, will we not, Bridget?'

So poor Maurice bicycles up, as soon as his afternoon paper is over, and we all do what is in us to mitigate his hard lot.

Even Mrs. Noy shows her sympathy by baking fresh cakes for him 'of a Friday,' a thing that she will do for no one else, 'seeing that Friday's cleaning day.' 'But it give me quite a turn,' says Mrs. Noy, 'to see the young gentleman dressed out in a black coat and a white tie, which is sootable for a funeral but not fur a bilin' day like what this is. "Mrs. Noy," 'e says, quite pitiful

like, and you bein' out and all, "get me somethin' to drink," 'e says, "for I 'm near dead with it all," 'e says. "Tea, sir," I says, "or ginger beer or cider? for there 's all in the 'ouse," I says. "Hall, *hif* you please," 'e says, "and as quick as you can too, please," 'e says, and 'e's a sitting in the garden drinking 'em now, ma'am.'

We went out into the garden and comforted the poor victim. "'Tisn't, you see,' says he, 'as if it was my first shot, so I jolly well must pass if I possibly can, or they won't let me stay up, and that would be a nuisance. However,' he adds in a more cheerful vein, 'I 'm going to our ball, hanged if I don't, and Miss Carleton's promised me all the supper dances.'

We began our Commemoration Week with a series of farewells. For the very last time we went to a University Sermon and for the last time to Magdalen Chapel. I have never dilated to you on the subject of Chapel Services, because I imagine that the Magdalen and New College choirs sang in your time as sweetly as they sing now, and I thought that you would take it for granted that we should not miss so great a privilege of Oxford life, but that we should go whenever we were able. So those parts of Sunday which were

not devoted to sermons and to services, were spent in parting visits and farewells.

In the morning we went to take farewell of our two former homes. In the afternoon came various friends to take farewell of us—the Oglanders, the Bents, the Enderbys, Mr. Ferrers-Smith and Mr. Tristram, and our own dear Antiquarian. He brought a keepsake for me, such a dainty little volume, called *The New Bath Guide*. He ventured, he said, to beg my acceptance of it because it was published in 1807, and it ‘held the mirror up to life in Bath at that time in something of the same fashion as those books about life in Oxford in the early years of last century in which you have taken such great delight.’

Before they went Rachel sang to us ‘Le Canadien Errant’ :

‘Non ; mais en expirant,
O mon cher Canada,
Mon regard languissant
Vers toi se portera.’

We spent our last evening, as we have spent so many happy former ones, in going to a concert at Balliol. It is too late now to give you a minute description of that modern development, a Balliol Sunday evening concert ; it will have to come under the heading

of what Celia Fiennes calls 'some particulars since remarkt,' and that is fast becoming a very long list.

Monday brought three garden-parties. I should have enjoyed them more if I had not tormented myself with the notion that Mr. Ferrers-Smith was proposing to Rachel, and that my dear girl was, I thought most unwisely, accepting him.

I confided these foolish fears to the ever-ready sympathy of Mrs. Oglander.

'You see,' said I, 'Mr. Tristram really is handicapped by that tiresome examination. There he is, boxed up in a stuffy room with reams of paper to look over, and here is Mr. Smith for ever ready to dance attendance upon Rachel and to obey her slightest nod.'

'It is, indeed, very trying for you,' said Mrs. Oglander; and just then we caught a glimpse of Rachel, looking like a dryad in her pale green gown, as she disappeared under the trees with Mr. Smith.'

'Oh, it is,' said I; 'it's poisoning my existence, but what can I do? I can't shake Mr. Tristram, which is what I should really like to do, and to say, "Be bold, be bold, and ever more be bold!" He is so despairingly modest; he asked me last night, when Rachel was singing "Le Canadien

Errant," whether she was too devoted to her own country ever to contemplate leaving it.'

'Yes, and then to have so much conscious perfection casting itself at her feet,' said Mrs. Oglander.

'It won't cast itself at her feet,' said I, 'it will only ask her to be the coping-stone of its career. That's my hope, that she will prefer the real thing if it would but pluck up its courage and have faith in itself.'

Just then Mr. Tristram himself appeared and sat down beside us. He had managed, he said, by rising with the lark, to get through his allotted task, and his eyes wandered round in search of Rachel.

'I was wondering,' he said, 'whether you could spend your last hours in Oxford with me on the Upper River? Miss Carleton told me last night that she had never yet been to Godstow, and it does not seem right that she should leave Oxford without having seen it.'

'Now, just after he had said this, and while words of acceptance were trembling on my tongue, Rachel and Mr. Ferrers-Smith appeared before us.

'I came to ask you,' said Mr. Ferrers-Smith, 'whether you would not allow me to

take you to Godstow on Thursday. Miss Carleton, it seems, has never yet been on the Upper River, and she really ought not to leave Oxford without seeing it.'

Now here was a quandary !

' Mr. Tristram has just been asking us to go with him that afternoon,' said I.

' Could we not all go ? ' said Rachel. ' We would make John come too.'

So it is settled that we shall all go. It is clear that Fate has taken the whole affair out of my hands : I can do no more.

After this party followed a night which ran on into the next day, and that again into the next. I saw once a description of a day spent in Oxford which was written by an enthusiastic maiden. ' It was,' she wrote, ' one hazy memory of interesting history ! ' In somewhat the same words I might write of the events of these last days. Visions of Rachel dancing, all in white with drooping white things on her head, or of Rachel dancing in green and silver, with a green snood in her russet hair and gleaming silver shoes, or of Rachel at the Flower Show dressed in a flowery gown and hat, and seen against banks of flowers, will always rise before me out of the haze. My chief remembrance of the Magdalen Ball is of our return

from it. We came back by our own little Cherwell river, a brave young man, whose punt lay at Magdalen Bridge, bringing us back up the stream to our own boat-house. It was a wonderful journey this, afloat on a fairy river in the misty dawn ; we seemed to be the only folk astir in all the world. Of New College my chief remembrance is also of the early morning, of the dawn breaking rosily over the gardens, the strings of Chinese lanterns still burning many-coloured against the trees, and of the lines of little lights still outlining the paths. Round these shadowy, dewy gardens walked the dancers in their rainbow-coloured airy raiment, mystic and wonderful in the conflicting lights.

I suppose one might have thought that one ball must be very like another ball all the world over, and that an Oxford ball would be as all others are. But how true still is a remark of my Barrè Roberts, to the effect that Oxford is a place 'where everything is different from everything.' Is there anywhere else, I wonder, where people who are often less than young, and still in their sober senses, sit out on damp grass and are photographed in their ball dresses at six o'clock in the morning? 'Crazy! crazy!' I can hear you saying, but in that case, crazy I

was in the company of a very large group of crazy persons.

Had we really been women of spirit and given to record breaking, we might have attended two balls and a dance on the Tuesday, and yet have been at Magdalen by 10.30 on Wednesday to hear the open-air sermon. But I will be truthful. I will acknowledge that we did, as Aunt Camilla says, 'contrive to slip it.' This, in fact, was one of the occasions when I gladly availed myself of the services of a deputy.

'We went,' she writes, 'to the Somerville College dance that you gave us the tickets for. It was so nice ; we did enjoy ourselves ; we danced quite a lot, and had no end of a good time. We got up in the morning and went down to hear the sermon at Magdalen in the open-air pulpit, as we told you we would do. It wasn't half bad, though he looked rather like a bird in its nest. It didn't last very long, and there were boughs and things about.' (You will see that this deputy was a very young person.) She finishes, like little Mr. Bouncer, with a passage of unabashed guide-book. 'This custom fell into disuse about 1759, and the annual "University Sermon" was preached in the College Chapel until 1896, when the open-air

service was revived, the preacher being the Reverend C. G. Lang, M.A., late Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, and Vicar of St. Mary's (now Bishop of Stepney), and it may be hoped that so interesting a custom may be perpetuated. But I expect you know all that. And then we stopped about to see the Vice-Chancellor's procession to the Theatre.' So much for my deputy.

We too went to the Encænïa, but we watched the proceedings from the inside and saw the Chancellor's procession entering the Theatre. It is a scene which it would be as impossible to forget as it is difficult to describe. For me, personally, it held again all the significance of the last time. The last time that I should be looking upon all Oxford assembled together; Vice-Chancellor and Doctors and Professors, Masters of Arts and Undergraduates: not to speak of the greatest of all—the Chancellor—but he is, after all, of the outside world and not wholly Oxford as the others are. It is the last time, too, that I shall hear the sonorous Latin which I love to hear, though I only dimly understand it. Fortunately the University Authorities take pity on uneducated stranger ladies and supply them with a programme of the proceedings in their mother-tongue.

Thus I read: *'On reaching the Chair, the Chancellor, standing, touches his cap, and addresses the House as follows:*

'Causa hujus Convocationis est ut juxta institutionem Honoratissimi et Reverendi admodum Nathaniel, Baronis Crewe, Episcopoi Dunelmensis, grata celebretur piorum Benefactum et Fundatorum Commemoratio: ut, si vobis placuerit, gradus in Jure Civili, In Scientia, in Litteris, in Viros Illustrissimos conferantur honoris causa: ut exercitationes variae Domini Cancellarii aliorumque praemiis donatae publice coram vobis recitentur: necnon ut alia peragantur, quae ad Venerabilem hanc Domum spectant.'

All these sonorous phrases, printed in very large characters on very large sheets of paper, have a very fine and important effect, and they created quite a breeze (which was badly needed) as each lady fluttered hers over to see what was coming next. You can't conceive how high-sounding and rolling was the effect of the name of the Prime Minister of Nepal who was first on the list for an honorary D.C.L. *'Placetne igitur Venerabili Convocationi ut in Virum Excellentissimum, Chandra Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana, Magnae Crucis Ordinis Illustrissimi Stellae Indicae Equitem Commen-*

datorem provinciae, quae dicitur Nepallia inter ministros Principem ac Primarium, gradus Doctoris in Jure Civili conferatur honoris causa? Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores? Placetne vobis, Magistri?'

Say this out aloud to yourself and hear how fine it sounds.

We had all been deeply interested in and greatly impressed by the entry of a score or so of the attendants of this potentate; they came while we were waiting for the Chancellor's procession. This time of waiting was otherwise enlivened by an organ recital, and by watching the entrance to their proper places of Important People. Fortunately for us, we had a friend who was a deputy pro-proctor, and he was able to get near us and to tell us who every one was.

The Undergraduates did not enliven us with any great display of wit, though that one who sat over the head of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as he came up for his degree, and took this opportunity to ask him, 'And what about *my* old age pension, sir?' was very funny; he contrived to throw such a convincing note of real anxiety into his voice. Each Doctor on his presentation to the Chancellor was greeted in what was, I suppose, an appropriate compliment.

To some of them did this August Presence speak not only in Latin but in Greek. 'Vir Acutissime αἰπυράτης σοφίης cultor disertissime, Ego, etc.,' said he to one of the Doctors of Science. Long should sound Learning flourish under a Chancellor who can perform such feats.

When the degrees were all given, and the new Doctors were seated amongst the old ones on the right and left hand of the Chancellor, there came a Latin Oration, or, as our paper expressed it, '*The Presentations being ended, the Chancellor seated, touches his cap to the Rostrum on the Left, as a sign to the Public Orator to deliver the Creweian Oration.*'

'*This Oration ended, the Chancellor touches his cap to the Rostrum on the Left for the English Essay.*'

And so on to the end. I do not know that there was much more to remark save that the subject of the Latin Essay was '*Permittendumne sit muliebribus jus suffragii*?' and that, as you know, is a topical subject in England just now.

'*The Latin Essay ended, the Chancellor touches his cap to the Rostrum on the Left for the Newdigate.*'

'*The Newdigate ended, the Chancellor stands,*

and, touching his cap, says Dissolvimus hanc Convocationem. He then leaves his seat and is conducted by the Bedels from the Theatre.'

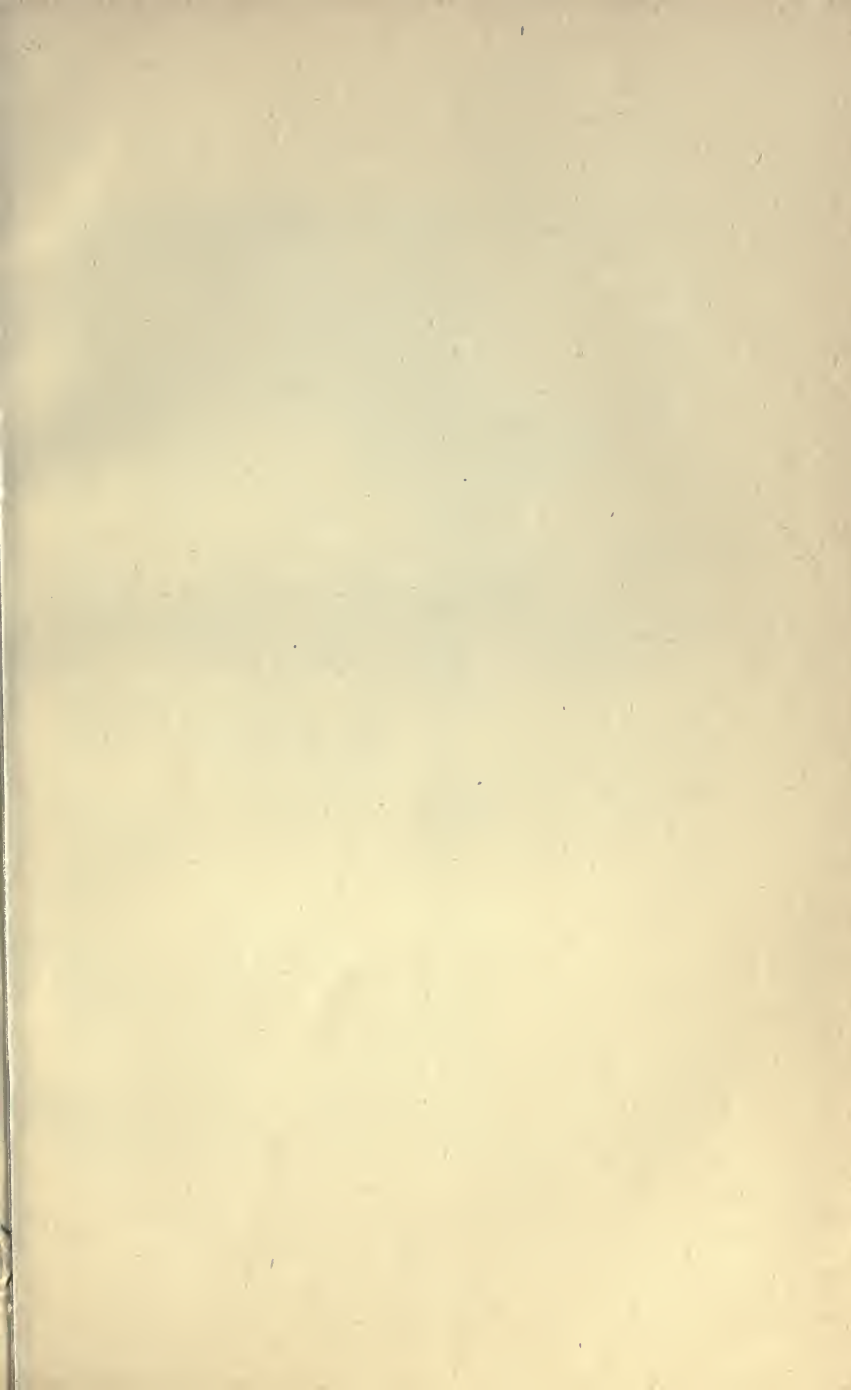
When the procession had re-formed and departed, we, too, followed after, with many another fluttering petticoat, to lunch at All Souls. This was, perhaps, the most delightful as it was the last of the many pleasant ceremonies to which the kindness of our Oxford friends will bid us.

I had a particularly delightful time, for on one hand sat an old Member of our own College who remembered lunching at All Souls in the summer that John read his Newdigate from the rostrum in the Theatre ('and very well he read it too!'), while on my other hand was an old Member of Magdalen Hall who said that he could perfectly well remember hearing tales of your doings there when he came up twenty years after. You never told me that you painted the place so red!

After All Souls we paid a stately parting visit to Miss Outhwaite: this was what she would herself have called 'a very proper attention' on our part, and we would not have omitted it for the world. Then to the Merton Ball: of this I shall remember chiefly



THE ENCENIA PROCESSION





that the combination of a crowded room and a slippery carpet at the edge of it brought Maurice Lynch and me down upon our knees. Maurice was charmingly apologetic, and indeed I could assure him with truth that he danced beautifully, and that it was no fault of his. 'It was a good thing that it was only you, Mrs. Goodenough, and not Miss Carleton, wasn't it?' quoth Maurice.

Then came the last day, and that eventful last afternoon on the river.

We embarked on a punt propelled by Mr. Tristram.

'You must all rest,' he said, 'for you have all been dancing yourselves to death while I have been sitting peacefully over Greats papers.' Even John can, as Griselda Grantly could, express himself in the dance when words would fail him, and had not I gnashed my teeth when I saw Mr. Ferrers-Smith appearing punctually at all the balls?

You must remember Godstow well, so I will spare you a recital of its beauties and its romantic associations. I take it that it is but very little changed since your time.

We took our tea on the bank above the bridge, and rested in happy indolence upon the grass.

Then Mr. Ferrers-Smith wondered whether

Miss Carleton knew how charming an old-world village lay across the fields a little way behind us. Would she, he asked, care to walk up and see it? And Rachel said that she would.

When they came back Mr. Ferrers-Smith said that he had quite forgotten that he had already engaged himself to dine with a friend at St. John's, or he had asked some one to dine with him in Hall, he did not seem quite clear as to which engagement was pressing, but what was clear was that he would leave us (we had intended to go further up and to return home by moonlight) and walk back into Oxford. He made a great many apologies, and he hoped that the rest of us would continue our journey up the stream.

Never, dear, did I feel so much that I might have liked him if his fairy godmother had but held her hand and showered fewer perfections upon him, than I felt as I watched his admirable presence moving further and further down the towing-path. I could hope, with entire honesty, that equal perfection was waiting somewhere to mate with his.

That chapter was closed, but would the other ever open?

Slowly we went up the river and slowly came down again, until we found ourselves

supping at Godstow, near to the little that remains of the nunnery that sheltered Fair Rosamund.

John found it absolutely necessary that he should greet his ancient friends at The Trout. I felt it to be important that I, too, should be introduced to them, but I decided that Rachel, who had danced far more than I, should stay quietly on the other bank. We spun out our greetings, and we lingered on the bridge as we returned, but it was plain that Rachel and Mr. Tristram were still continuing to talk only of Schopenhauer or of things in general.

‘ John,’ said I, ‘ modesty is a great virtue, but it may be carried too far.’

‘ Bridget,’ said he, ‘ if I undertake to put confidence into Tristram and to impel him to an irresistible avowal of his feelings, will you promise to let me off all social functions for the space of three years, inclusive ? ’

‘ I will,’ said I.

‘ Done,’ said John, and werejoined those two.

But John had murmured to me, before we reached them, ‘ Ask me to say poetry to you.’

‘ John,’ said I, ‘ cannot you say some poetry to us before we go back, something that will help us to remember our last night and the time and the place ? ’

‘ Ah, do, John,’ said Rachel. ‘ Yes, do, Goodenough,’ said Mr. Tristram.

So John began :

‘ Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Miles on miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep,
Half asleep,
Tinkle homeward thro’ the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop.’

I did not look at Mr. Tristram, but I began to feel that he would understand.

‘ And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless,
dumb,
Till I come.’

Even John’s voice shook a little when he came to the end :

‘ Oh heart ! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns !
Earth’s returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin !
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest !
Love is best.’

John's beautiful voice died away, and we none of us looked at the other.

'Miss Carleton,' said Mr. Tristram, 'will you walk towards the ruins with me?'

And my lovely Rachel rose, without a word, and went with him.

'Don't cry, my little dear Bridget,' said John; 'I knew that Browning would do the trick. Why, didn't he do the same for us?'

And then we went over once again the incidents of our own courting.

'Don't you remember,' said John, 'how your people asked me to come and see what winter was like with you?'

'Yes, I do remember, and what a lovely time we had.'

'It wasn't lovely for me until I got my answer.'

'Well, and I wasn't perfectly happy until you had asked me the question.'

'Well, and do you remember how I asked it?'

'I was sitting reading in the great hall, by the fire—Grandfather's English fire.'

'And I was sitting on the other side of the hearth, wondering whether I dared to put it to the touch.'

'And you said to me, "Is it very interesting what you are reading?" And I said

“ Yes.” And you said, “ May I ask what it is ? ” And I said, “ It ’s Browning ; it ’s called ‘ By the Fireside.’ ” ”

‘ And I don’t believe,’ said John, ‘ that I ever should have risked all if I had not seen that your Browning was upside down.’

And then our lovers returned, and it did not need their clasped hands to tell us what was written in their happy faces.

So that was the real end of our Sabbatical Year. We have given of our best to Oxford in giving her our Rachel, and nothing now remained for us but to bid the sweet city good-bye and to go.

Good-bye to all our household, to Anne Page and to Mrs. Noy, who remained ‘ To shut the ’ouse up and to see as all was right and proper. And it is my earnest ’ope, ma’am, that I may settle in Miss Carleton, or as I shall soon say, Mrs. Tristram, same as I ’ve a-settled you in, and a pleasure I ’m sure it ’ll be, for a more good-’earted, God-fearing family than what you all are I never come across, and I ’m glad as Miss Carleton, or I might make so bold as to say, Miss Rachel, has made up her mind to take the gentleman, as nice, civil-spoken a gentleman as ever stepped. I see it coming on this long while,

though saying nothing, for my last missus as I lived with afore I married she'd use ter say——'

But that particular saying I shall never hear, for the cab started for the station in the midst of it.

As we turned the corner for the last time we saw Mrs. Noy, still conversing; Alonzo, who waved a duster; and little Anne Page, dissolved in tears.

But in all this parting there was a renewal of hope.

At the station was Mr. Tristram, who is to come to us on the Island when the Class List is out, and he will not return alone. Alonzo is to emigrate to the New World as soon as he has 'passed his standards,' and Anne Page will be Rachel's housemaid and devoted worshipper.

'I do not think,' said John, as we drew away from the station, 'that we can do better than to bid farewell to Oxford in the words of Queen Elizabeth: "Farewell the worthy University of Oxford; farewell, my dear scholars, and pray God prosper your studies. Farewell, farewell!"'

I doubt not but the Learned and Sober Reader will candidly accept of the Honesty of my Endeavour in Excuse of my Error. But as for the hot-headed, half-witted Censurer, who perhaps only looks on the Title of a Chapter, or here and there a Paragraph that makes for his Turn, I must and do expect the Lash of his Tongue, it being indeed his Business to find out the Lapses, and decry all Attempts, wherein (forsooth) he himself has not been consulted: But I would have such to know (that if I meet with but proportionable Encouragement from the former) 'tis not all they can say or do, shall discourage me from my Purpose; for if I have erred in anything, I shall gladly receive the calm Reproofs of my Friends, and still go on till I do understand my Business aright, in the mean-time contemning the Verdict of the Ignorant and Fastidious that throw Words in haste.

DR. PLOT

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